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"So Long, Mum!"

PUBLIC LIBRARY 8 APR 1943 NEW SOUTH WALES

He raised his hand in the familiar gesture of farewell.

By Blanche I. Pownall

THE clock on the radio table said nine-fifteen. Young Jim Peters removed his long length from the comfortable living-room couch and sauntered towards the kitchen. There was a touch of desperation to his nonchalance. What if Dad should go silent? Suppose Jane should decide to stage one of her rare demonstrations of sisterly affection? And Mum . . .

Somehow, he could not plan beyond her name. Since the day he had gone "on final leave" he had carried about with him like a shadow the thought of what this would do to her. At that very moment she was sitting in the living-room, smiling and kindly, more composed than any of them.

It was that very composure that made Jim feel uneasy. He remembered an evening five years before, when he had been carried into the house at the close of an inter-collegiate rugby game.

After the first sudden wild fear, Mum had moved about, calm and efficient, bathing his bruised face, and bandaging his torn right arm. Even as the iodine had bitten into the raw gash, Jim had marvelled at the way his mother was taking it.

Her fingers had fastened the last bandage expertly, and Jim was able to grunt approval and move his shoulders a bit. Clearly, with an ache in his throat, he remembered how very suddenly Mum's composure had crumpled. It was almost as if her bravery had broken into little bits there on the bathroom floor. She had sat down on the edge of the tub and leaned her head against his unhurt left arm:

"Oh, Jim, do you have to play it, and get hurt, and get all messed up like this?"

There were tears in her eyes. They had trickled down between her fingers on to the mud that was stuck to his hand. Then, as now, Jim had been clumsy and uncomfortable in the face of tears.

"Gee, Mum, this is nothing. You should see the guy that tackled me, and I got the touchdown! Why, you should be glad you got such a bright boy for a son."

She had known, in that wordless way of hers, that what Jimmie had meant to say was:

"You're the best mother in the world, and I'd do anything on earth for you. But I've got to play rugby!"

There was a smile in her eyes when she lifted her head.

"You may be bright, as you say. But at this moment you look decidedly the worse for wear." And her grin had matched his own.

Five years ago! And he remembered that this same composure had been a forerunner to her tears over him.

Now he was buttoned into his greatcoat; and there wasn't another strap on his kitbag that he could pretend to tighten. Warmth flowed out in waves from the kitchen stove, and the odor of food lingered in the room from dinner-time. Funny, about a room—how it could brim up and spill over with a hundred little unimportant homy memories, as he turned to leave it.

Then they were crowded into the front hall—young Jim and Dad and Mum and Jane. Something that was sweet and bitter and almost panic swept over young Jim and threatened to swamp his carefully cultivated casualness. Swift entreaty leaped into his look: "For heaven's sake, don't go sloppy!" his eyes begged them.

Then his Dad was shaking his hand, man-to-man, and grinning, saying, "Send us a cable when you arrive. We'll do all we can here. Good luck, Son!"

Just like that! Short and brisk and to the point! Easy! Easy — except that Dad suddenly looked tired, and old, and the full two inches shorter than his boy. All the dreams he had dreamed and the hopes he had built for this one lad of his were about to go swinging down the street in a kitbag for overseas. Young Jim's eyes stung, and he looked away quickly and mumbled, "Don't worry, Dad! Be seein' you!"

Oh, what he wanted to say, if there had been any words for the saying:

"You've been the best father a chap ever had. Out of all the dads I know I'd have picked you, if I'd had my choice. With you for a father, I'd be a heel if I ever did anything shady or crooked or mean. If only you were young to-night, you'd be a better soldier than I'll ever be . . ."

Jimmie needn't have worried about Jane. Her sisterly affection all but matched his own emotions for control. She hugged him quick and hard, and left a kiss just above his right eyebrow. Her laughter was shaky, but all she said was: "You'll be such a handsome brute, on parade." Then, as an afterthought, "I'll do my best to console the beautiful Betty!"

He hugged her, as quick and as hard, then mussed up her hair with one big hand.

"'Bye, Jane. Stay in the house the odd evening and write me the news of the gang."

Jane knew. In all the years that they had cried and laughed and scoffed and squabbled together she would never have wished for any brother other than this same Jimmie. Vaguely, in that moment, she realised that when Jim walked out the door there would go with him something warm and rare and wordless, something that would never be again, in just the same way.

Yet even while the thought brought tears her eyes met Jim's, and she realised that what he had meant to say was:

"Gosh, we're lucky! Think of the brothers and sisters who have lived side by side for seventy years; and in that long time they've never known half as much that is fine and real as we have crammed into these fifteen years. The fun we've had and the things we've faced and learned! Why, even a war can't wipe it out."

There was only Mum left. She stood in front of him, straight and gentle, and calm; and she was smiling. Wherever he went, into whatever hell he might stumble, he would see her smile like that, with the kind of simple courage that is born out of a mingling of one's own pain and another's great need.

All Young Jim's rigid veneer slipped away in a twinkling. His long arms reached out and folded around her, pressing her against his rough khaki greatcoat. "Oh, Mum," he muttered into her white hair. "Oh, Mum!"

Then he broke away and groped for the doorknob. He couldn't say it! His heart was on fire with wanting to tell her, but he couldn't say a word of it. Would she ever understand? Would she know, some day, that he had been trying to tell her:

"I'd do anything in the world for you. But I've got to go! This is a bigger game than rugby, and a tougher one; and I've got to be in it. And when I look at you—such a little woman, with courage enough for a whole regiment—I feel as if I'd fight the whole world, just to try to keep you safe. Don't worry about me when you waken at nights, Mum. I'll be okay. And whatever happens, I'll always keep on believing in something, because I have you for a mother."

She'd be crying against Dad's shoulder before he was down the first step. But she'd been a brick. At the end of the walk he turned to wave to them.

She stood in the doorway. Dad and Jane were behind her, but she stood alone. The light from the hallway was all around her, and her head was steady and high. For a minute young Jim couldn't move. That she should be so splendid! Then he raised his hand, just as he'd done each morning when he was going out the side door to school. He was casual and offhand once more.

"So long, Mum!"

There may have been tears on her face; but there were no tears in her voice when she called to him:

"So long, Son!"

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It is fun to be out in the sun and wind . . . but it makes one's lips so rough and parched. Personally, I take no risks, I always use Escapade Lipstick, and that keeps my lips so smooth and attractive. There is no other Lipstick quite as good. Escapade is made from the formula of our Principals, one of America's foremost cosmetic manufacturers.

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THE THOROUGHBRED OF LIPSTICKS

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PRODIGAL LADY

Men dropped their hearts at Lily's feet like autumn leaves.

By ELLEN E. GATTI

RUTH always swore that the minute she saw the Hendersons' boy with his messenger's cap over one eye come into the garden, she knew something was going to happen.

It was one of those perfect Sunday mornings in early June when everything seems just right. The garden was lush, and the day neither too hot nor too cold. Bill, sprawled in a deck chair under a froth of Sunday papers, was obviously relaxing. And it did Ruth's heart good to see him relax—he'd been so worried about his business lately.

Young Bill was stretched out beside her, nose buried in the comics; Caroline lay in a fork of the apple tree, humming under her breath, her long legs dangling, her eyes filled with grandiose dreams. From the kitchen, Zella's rich, lugubrious voice floated out pleasantly, imbuing the spiritual she sang with the soothing melancholy of her race.

"Telegram for you, Mis' Thorpe," announced the Henderson boy.

"For me?" Ruth sat up incredulously. Although Hillcrest was within easy distance of New York City, it was nevertheless still quite provincial in spots. A telegram to Ruth personally, gave her the awful sensation that somebody must have died, at the very least. "Thanks, Timmy," she said automatically. "Ask Zella if she hasn't got some cookies for you."

"What is it?" Bill demanded, coming up like a porpoise from under his newspapers.

Ruth tore open the envelope. "It's Lily!" she exclaimed. "She's coming home!"

"Lily?" Bill looked blank. "Oh, Lily, of course. I'd forgotten all about her."

"I practically had myself," Ruth admitted. "Isn't that awful?"

"Well, it's been years since you've heard from her," Bill said consolingly. "And she's only your step-sister, anyway. And so much older."

"I haven't heard from her since she sent us that silver tea-set for our wedding present. Lily just wouldn't write, ever. Oh, Bill, the poor darling says she's a refugee and asks if we'll take her in. Oh, Bill, what shall we do?"

"Why, of course she must come here," said Bill at once, warmly and hospitably.

"But you've been so worried about money lately. I hate to put anything else on your shoulders."

"One more person in a house doesn't mean a thing, Ruth. You know that. Besides, she's your sister." It was characteristic of Bill's pride that while Lily remained a fabulous figure he considered her a "step"; as soon as she got into trouble, she became full-blood kin to Bill.

For Lily had been a fabulous figure in Hillcrest. She was one of those magnificently beautiful blondes that make old men think wistfully of the Jersey Lily, and young men—well, young men simply couldn't think at all in the presence of Lily. Men dropped their hearts at Lily's little high-heeled, high-arched, short-vamped slippers like leaves raining down from a plane tree. Wherever she moved, Lily mowed down the men. And she moved plenty.

She moved on Paris at twenty, and she never came back to Hillcrest. So of course she became a legend. It was said she had married a Georgian prince. Had wed a British earl. It was said, and said and said . . . Lily had, actually, done well by herself; but if she had experienced all the escapades, adventures and triumphs Hillcrest credited her with, she would have made Mata Hari small pumpkins indeed. But now it was all gone. Lily was forty-five, broke, fleeing from the scourge of war to the wide-open arms of her baby sister.

And Ruth's arms were wide open. Lily, at first, was a constant delight. She was so radiantly affectionate to one and all. She admired so extravagantly everything that Ruth did or said. And she filled the small suburban house with the spicy and tantalising effluvia of foreign cities and foreign ways.

"She acts like a tonic, Bill," Ruth told her husband.

"She does, for a fact. Why didn't you tell me she was so entertaining?"

Ruth shook her head. "I didn't know anybody could be."

Lily hadn't changed so much from Hillcrest's memory of her. She was the least bit plumper, of course, and the lines of her classic features were not quite so clearly defined. But the famous violet eyes still looked up at you from under preposterous lashes. Her hair still kept its golden Helen-of-Troy glint; her skin had not lost much of its magnolia-blossom texture, its luminous pearly glow. No stranger could have believed that Lily was forty-five.

For the first month, there was a perfect whirl of parties. Hillcrest did itself proud for Lily. Lily beamed. Ruth had a lot of fun.

But the day came when the novelty of Lily's visit had worn thin, and Ruth — had she really been as honest as she boasted she was—would have admitted to herself that Lily was a nuisance. To begin with, the Thorpe household now revolved around Lily instead of Ruth. Ruth was honest enough to admit that she preferred her own personal household to stick to its original orbit.

Then, the bills mounted up appallingly. They had to return some of this hospitality showered upon Lily. That meant a lot more parties than they had figured on that summer, while Bill's business wasn't so good.

And Lily had quaint notions of economy.

"I am very thrifty," she would tell you. "I always have been. Here in America, it's criminal what you waste!" She would give a yelp of real anguish if young Bill slipped the bone of his lamb chop to Simpson, the family setter. "There's enough nourishment on that bone to feed a French peasant boy for two whole days," Lily would declare.

"How would the French peasant boy get it, Aunt Lily?" young Bill would ask, being cursed with a logical mind.

"There are ways," Lily would hint darkly. Or she would go out in the kitchen and take the lid off the garbage pail and scold Zella. Then she would teach Zella how to make a certain kind of brioche for her breakfast tray that took a pint of cream. And load her down with mounds of lingerie, all with little lace ruffles that must be ironed painstakingly, just as Lily thought they should be.

Strangely enough, Zella didn't mind. "I jus' adoah Mis' Lily," was her comment.

Lily, too, had a lavish hand with cables, telegrams and foreign mail. But a newspaper thrown away caused her pangs. She all but snatched one out of your hand to fold it and run and put it in a corner of the garage, where the growing pile got in everybody's way. "You don't know the things they make out of old newspapers in Europe," she'd say.

Or she would look at Caroline and mutter, "That child's too thin. She needs good sun and sea air. She ought to be on the Riviera this very moment." Characteristically, Lily shelved the war when it interfered with her own train of thought.

This was a sore spot to Ruth. Caroline was too thin and limp. But she couldn't say to Lily, "We can't afford to travel just now. I would have to go with her, and I can't leave things here as they are."

Still, everybody "adoahed" Lily. Young Bill was her bounden slave. Caroline followed her around like a dazzled shadow. It was the fact that Lily showed no sign of ever changing the status quo, no concern whatever with her own future, that finally drove Ruth to have a serious talk with Bill about it.

And Bill, unexpectedly, produced an idea.

"Lily ought to write a book about her life in Europe," he suggested. "Everybody's sick and tired of war adventure books—I don't mean that kind. She ought to write about Europe like it was when people had fun there. Lily must have had plenty of fun." He grinned. "She might do a best seller."

Ruth was fired with the idea, and Lily herself was pleased and impressed.

Bill went so far as to go and talk it over with J.G., Hillcrest's leading citizen, and one of his best friends. And J.G. thought so well of the idea that he offered to arrange an interview for Lily with Jason Thorndyke, the New York publisher, when Lily had a few chapters done.

Ruth set to with a will to enscotice Lily in her literary quarters. "Bill," she said to her son, "would you mind a lot taking the little back storeroom for a while? So Aunt Lily can have your bedroom for her study?"

"Sure! I'd do anything for Aunt Lily."

Ruth kissed the top of his head—though she longed full well to smack him, knowing he would never have behaved like such a perfect little gentleman if it had been something she, his mother, wanted of him.

Big Bill contributed his desk and the swivel chair Ruth had once given him for Christmas. And Ruth bought reams of paper and pencils, and a fountain-pen in case Lily should find it easier to write her book in ink. The whole household rallied round, launching Lily on her new career.

At last the morning came when Lily was to start. The house had been reduced to an unnatural hush. Lily sat in the swivel chair, a pile of fresh yellow sheets before her.

"Well, I'll leave you," said Ruth. "Zella'll bring up your lunch at one. And if you want anything, just ring for her."

"Ruth," Lily implored, "Ruth, where do you think I ought to begin?"

"Why, I think it will just come to you."

Lily looked doubtful. "Where do most books like this start, do you know?"

"Sometimes they're chronological. And sometimes they just skip around."

"I think skipping would be better," Lily contributed.

Please turn to page 4

The whole household rallied round, launching Lily on her new career.

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Prodigal Lady

Continued from page 3

"JUST think of some places that impressed you most," Ruth suggested. Then, being an inveterate mental globe-trotter who had never had the chance even to apply for a passport, she couldn't resist rolling off her tongue a few foreign names. "Rome or Vienna, Cannes, Madrid——"

"Madrid!" Lily brightened visibly. "I'll never forget the first time I went there. It was heaven, Ruth, just heaven. It was in the spring, and I went down from Paris. I remember the most ravishing young Spaniard—Don Carlos. He was simply divine!" Lily paused sentimentally, and her violet eyes wandered back down the years. "We went to a bullfight," she murmured.

Ruth shuddered, fascinated. "Did you actually see a bull killed? Didn't it make you sick?"

"Oh, no Spanish gentleman would give you time to think about the bull!" Lily continued her reminiscences. "We went up on a mountain later, I remember. Ah, what a night."

"Night?" Ruth echoed uneasily.

Lily returned to the fray. "A night of poetry—and stars," she amended hastily. "The Spanish are so poetic, you know."

She turned resolutely, seized a pencil and began to scribble. Ruth tiptoed to the door and closed it softly.

And that was the last anybody saw of Lily until dinner-time. Then she came down looking very beautiful, albeit with a faint air of abstraction.

"Lily looks peaked," said Bill.

"She's worked the whole day," Ruth told him proudly.

"Then we ought to celebrate. Tell you what, let's drive out to Fuller's and I'll buy you a real dinner. What do you say?"

Ruth hesitated a minute. Dinners at Fuller's roadhouse just weren't on the budget this summer. Still, she couldn't be a spoil-sport, she decided, with Bill looking so pleased with himself.

Lily stuck to her guns. The house, all day long, maintained a ghostly silence, with the author cloistered in her study, while Ruth, relieved from social enterprises, caught up with the bills.

Finally Bill said that J. G. had fixed the interview with Jason Thorndyke.

Lily looked stricken. "I'm scared to death," she admitted. "I simply don't know how to talk to a publisher."

"Remember, a publisher is just a man," Bill teased.

"Yes, I suppose so," Lily answered vaguely. "You're sure I ought to go now, and not wait a little longer?"

When she came back from her trip to New York, however, Lily's confidence had increased a little. "I think he was impressed," she said mildly.

After that, Lily made several trips to New York to consult Jason Thorndyke.

"I'm sure he's pleased," she reported after the latest conference. "My, what a lot of work it takes to publish a book!"

"J. G. says Thorndyke's as rich as mud," Bill said, "and if he took a fancy to your book he could spend any amount to push it."

"Oh, Lily, I'm so proud of you!" Ruth cried. "I'm just going to bask in your fame. Aren't you ready to let us see a word of it yet?"

"Not yet, ducky. Mr. Thorndyke thinks it will make me self-conscious," said Lily. "It sometimes destroys entirely a writer's style," she added professionally.

The summer slipped away quickly. But there came a Sunday morning late in October when summer seemed to return, at least for a day. Bill moved out into the garden with the papers. The children were off on a picnic. Lily, who had gone to a conference with her publisher the day before, had remained in town overnight.

Ruth was digging at her tulip bulbs.

"Isn't it nice to be all alone, for a change?" she asked contentedly.

Bill grunted. Which meant, "Yes, it is." His business had picked up lately. He felt at peace with the world.

The Henderson brat stuck his head through the gate. "Telegram for you, Mis' Thorpe."

"Good grief," said Bill. "You haven't got another sister, have you?"

Ruth opened the telegram.

Ruth dear, she read, please take the key from my jewel case and open that brown trunk you will find in my cupboard and send me special delivery black evening frock stop It will still look good here for the party to-night stop Darlings I am almost sure everything is going to be simply wonderful stop Love — Lily

"Why, this was sent yesterday," Ruth said, distressed.

"Yes'm." Young Henderson wriggled uncomfortably. "I'm awful sorry, Mis' Thorpe; I forgot to bring it. But this one just come," he handed Ruth a second envelope, hoping in its powers of distraction.

"But, Timmy," Ruth began severely.

"Read it," Bill interrupted.

Ducky, read Ruth, I was right everything is simply perfect stop I never thought it would all be such a thrill stop Ruth please take the key from my jewel case and open my brown trunk and send me special delivery Hotel Imperial Palm Beach all that French lingerie in the bottom stop Will spend the winter in Florida stop As soon as I find a house Caroline must come to me you know I always said that child needed sun and sea air stop Love—Lily

"OH, Bill, how grand!" cried Ruth. "She's sold her book!"

"I say," said Bill, "it's awfully decent of Lily to think of Caroline right off the bat, isn't it?"

Ruth's eyes filled with tears. "If you knew what it means to me! And Caroline will adore being with Lily. I must get her things off right away. Timmy . . ."

But Timmy had taken advantage of the occasion to scuttle away.

"I'll come with you," said Bill companionably.

"I didn't suppose there'd be so much money in it right away, did you?" asked Ruth, as they climbed the stairs.

"No, but I don't know anything about authors. If Lily can take a house at Palm Beach, though, she certainly must have got a whopping big advance."

Ruth found the key and opened the brown trunk. She began to remove the contents, then suddenly stiffened, puzzled.

"Why, here's Lily's manuscript!"

"It can't be!" said Bill.

"But it is." She held out to him a thick pile of yellow sheets, neatly bound together by a pink satin ribbon tied in a perky bow.

The doorbell pealed insistently.

"Why doesn't Zella answer it?" Ruth exclaimed irritably. "Oh, she's at church, of course. Here, take this, I'll go."

Bill untied the pink bow callously.

"Page 1," greeted his eye. "Well, you go to Madrid . . ." was written in Lily's flourishing hand. Nothing more.

Bill turned the page. "Now, if you were to go to Paris . . ."

"Well, I'll be a son of a gun," said Bill slowly. A picture of Lily whiling away the long summer days in her "study," with the aid of some smuggled novels, smote him.

He flipped over the sheet. "At Cannes . . ."

Ruth came running up the stairs. "Lily's married!" she cried, waving a new telegram.

"Who to?"

"She doesn't even say!" Ruth was breathless. "She just says, 'Bill, angel, it is all entirely due to you and your good advice.'"

Automatically Bill turned over another page of the manuscript, and his own words, between quotes, smacked him in the face:

"Remember, a publisher is just a man."

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PETER'S COLD WAS GONE ON THURSDAY

. . . So I Went to the Luncheon After All!

TUESDAY, I 'phoned Elsie. "Peter is home from school with a cold. You know how his colds hang on. I'll miss the club lunch on Thursday".

"LISTEN," said Elsie, who is a nurse. "You need to fight a cold in three places at once—in the nose, throat, and chest. Then it goes fast. How do you do it? Why, just get a jar of Vicks VapoRub. Rub it on his throat, chest, and back. Now, do try it!"

SO, AT BEDTIME, I gave Peter a rub with VapoRub. His breathing grew easier as he inhaled the vapours. His cough was relieved. And he said his chest felt warm and comfy.

HE SLEPT like a log, undisturbed all night. And VapoRub's vapour and poultice actions must have gone on working, for he woke next morning feeling wonderfully better!

ON THURSDAY, off he went to school. I was certainly thankful for VapoRub. It saved him days of misery, and days of school absence. And I got to that luncheon after all!

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Final instalment of this thrilling serial.

WILD ISLAND

"I don't think there's time to do anything," Lane said to Bob.

By H. VERNOR DIXON

THOSE first few minutes of the volcano's eruption stupefied us all, but then we gradually began to look about. Paniolos tore themselves away from the spectacle and ran for the corrals. Horses and stock were pitching about and wildly screaming and lashing out with hoofs and horns at the imprisoning fences. The paniolos had a job on their hands.

Bob said, "We'll have more than one stampede to-night. I had better get some riders up the mountains."

He hurried to the office, calling to the men as he ran. I started for the porch, and Lane tore by me on Achmed, riding like a fool for the upper pastures. He had been caught in the middle of changing his clothes, and was only half dressed. Sam Hanau, too, raced out of the corrals with trousers and boots hastily pulled on over lurid pyjamas.

Paniolos started after them, and as they passed the office Bob called to them:

"Makii, get the colts out of the brood-pasture and run them down to Heiau . . . Pili, take a half-dozen men and guard the wild stuff. Keep them circling . . . Hey, Pete, go after our dairy stock and work them down. Don't let them run. You hear? . . . You, Kamapo, go around the mountain and see how things are on the other side . . . Hey, Charlie—"

I walked up to the porch to stand at the side of old John O'Neill's wheelchair, and the guests began to drift over. From there we could watch the whole panorama, the spouting volcano, the stampeding cattle in the corrals, wild-eyed horses rearing high to throw their riders, and the men racing off, swallowed into the night.

The thing was so overwhelming that I moved about like an automaton and directed the household staff in a whisper. Sightseers arrived by the hundreds and overran the ranch grounds.

Many of the people were old friends of John O'Neill, and as he spotted them he called them up to the porch. He was soon the centre of a milling throng and was happily recounting some of the more lurid adventures of his past. His old eyes gleamed with wicked pleasure.

At wanaao, the ghost dawn, Bob came over from the office and said that he was going up the mountain to determine the flow. "It looks bad from here. There are four cones on this side that must be pouring lava our way. If that should come towards the ranch—" He shrugged, and then suggested, "You might come along. No real danger."

I put on the toughest riding clothes I could find, wrapped damp scarves around my head like a turban, then got a good horse out of the corral. Lane had taken Achmed.

We rode out of the ranch at dawn and headed straight up the mountain. When the sun came up it was hardly noticeable. The black pall hanging about us became diffused with an eerie orange glow, rocks and trees were softly outlined like ghosts.

As we got to the higher levels we could see the lava jetting out of the cones in continuous streams and could plainly hear the dull thuds of boulders the size of houses as they crashed back to earth. Smaller fragments beat upon the ground like hail, most of them coming from the central cone at the top.

We crossed the 5000-foot level, dipped over a saddle of the mountain, and were face to face with one of the lower cones. We were actually a number of miles from it, but the thing was so immense that it warped my perspective and I subconsciously reined in.

The heat was terrible. The air was a livid mass of flames, and directly below us, filling a ravine from brim to brim and inexorably moving on, was the flow of lava, a red-hot sea of fire. It was almost impossible to look squarely at it, and I felt that surely my eye-balls must be seared. One explosion followed another with machine-gun rapidity, and everything blackened, wilted, and caught fire a quarter mile ahead of the leading wall of lava.

We stood with our trembling horses shoulder to shoulder, staring down at the flow. Bob's face was a ghastly red glow, but there was a light in his eyes to match the fires below us.

Slowly he shook his head and said, "I'm afraid it is bad. That ravine makes an almost right-angle turn a few miles down and comes out on one of our upper pastures. If it should cross the pasture it would mean the end of the ranch. Let's go down and have a look."

He led the way, and I followed along the crest of the ridge, paralleling the lava flow. We finally outdistanced it and the heat lessened, and then we rode down a narrow canyon that intersected the main ravine. From there we turned and followed it to the upper pasture.

Bob studied the ground of the pasture and came to the conclusion that its contour might turn the lava towards the sea. He said, "It's a fifty-fifty chance. I'll post some of the men up here to keep us informed. But if it starts across the pasture we'll have to get out."

We rode across a small, deep stream and then headed for the ranch. Animals of all kinds were passing us, coming down from the mountain, and even an occasional wild bull. They were running from a common enemy and paid us no attention. Small groups of paniolos waved to us from all sides, and ahead of them were herds of cattle.

Lane came racing towards us just before we reached the ranch. He reined in at Bob's side, and I looked at Achmed and gasped at his condition.

He was covered with lather from head to foot, his nostrils were flared wide open, his eyes almost hung from their sockets, and he was trembling violently with fatigue. Lane had made an entire circuit of the mountain. Only Achmed could have managed it in that short space of time.

I slid from the horse I was on, slacked Achmed's girth, and shook out his saddle to cool him. He raised his head and gratefully nudged me with his soft nose, and I knew I was crying, and didn't care.

Bob told Lane about the direction of the lava flow, and the two of them squatted on the ground and plotted the contour of the upper pasture.

Lane said, "I don't imagine there's time to do anything about diverting the flow, but I'll ride up and have a look, anyway. See you back at the ranch."

He gently pulled me away from Achmed, tightened the girth, and swung into the saddle. Leaning down, he said, "He's all right, Karen. I'm too much for him, and any other horse would have dropped dead long ago, but Achmed has the heart of a thoroughbred. You'll get him back."

He spun away from us, and we rode to the corrals, and all the time I thought about Achmed; and it wasn't until later that I began to remember little things about the man: his eyes sunk deep in their sockets; burns on his bare shoulders from tiny bits of flying lava; a raw welt across his chest, probably from the branch of a tree; his trousers and boots torn to shreds; and the tired, utterly weary droop of his shoulders.

No one could pound a horse as long as he had, under those same conditions, without suffering for it. And already he was on his way back to the ravine of lava to determine the flow.

I shuddered, and started across the dusty road to the house, with Bob silent at my side . . . .

All that day and night people came from the other islands and were spread all over the ranch. Some of them went up the mountain to watch the lava flow, but most of them just stood about looking up. Once we had a bad fright when another portion of the central cone blew off with a tremendous roar, and it seemed as if the whole island would go up in one great explosion.

But it steadied back to normal, if an inferno can have a norm.

We slept in catnaps that could hardly be called refreshing, and I often caught myself in doubt as to whether it was morning or evening.

Riders tore down from the upper levels every hour or so with the latest news of the lava flow. It was moving steadily down the ravine and was soon almost to the pasture. The width of the flow was over a mile and a half, with a depth of two or three hundred feet in some places.

John O'Neill chuckled and said, "That's the way to get new land, Karen, without havin' to pay for it. Buy yourself a nice, homy volcano, and every time it goes off you'll have a few thousand more acres stretchin' into the sea."

It was preposterous, but I was forced to laugh with him. Nothing daunted that man. Even Bob was grinning with him.

"Sure," he agreed, "but, you old fool, what if the flow comes over the ranch?"

"Then you'll have to start all over again, won't you?"

Lane rode into the ranch while we were having breakfast on the luau grounds and dropped to his feet with a sickening thud. There seemed to be no resilience left to him. He walked towards us, his arms swinging limply and his eyes on the ground. Margot ran to meet him, put an arm about his waist, and led him to our table.

He sank to the bench without a word and stared off into space while wolfing his food. Margot sat by his side and waited upon him.

I had been avoiding her, and I knew she also wanted no contact with me. But now Lane had drawn us all together again, simply by his presence.

Bob paced back and forth by the table, patiently waiting until Lane had finished, then asked him, "Well, how does it look?"

Please turn to page 8

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RAIN CHECK from RIO

By . . .
RICHARD ENGLISH

GEORGE WALKER sighed, wishing there was a more offensive manner in which he could make it plain he was one party who could take his Rio de Janeiro or leave it alone.

It had always been the dearest wish of his heart never to be stranded anywhere, let alone on the Avenida Copacabana, Brazil. . . . Copacabana was filled with cheerful business people, all of whom were probably going home to a good dinner, and George wanted no more of them or the good-neighbor policy either.

The waiter brought him his third drink and George sighed again. "Brazil," he thought glumly. "Better I should have starved in my own language."

George had long since discovered that the State Department was misleading honest businessmen with all that propaganda about South America, the land of golden opportunity. Until his unfortunate attempt to introduce scientific poker there, he had believed that story himself. He had arrived brimming with good will and carrying a few marked decks just in case of a tie, only to learn that even in Brazil the lot of the pioneer is a hard one. The Brazilians refused even to play poker, let alone serving as pigeons in same.

This hurt most of all. George, always willing to let others defray his expenses, had come to Brazil as the foreign representative of Mr. No Name McNavin, the prominent pigeon fancier. With his partners, the Messrs. Fatso Kaplan and Edgie Halderman, No Name had put up the necessary, with George agreeing to split the take four ways. Only that morning there had been a terse communiqué from his backers, inquiring what have.

In a matter of just three words No Name, never a party to toss his chips about in boyish abandon, had made it plain George would do well to make with the dividends.

"Get it up," the cable said grimly.

"Get it up," George scowled. "Three bucks he spends telling me to get it up when I haven't even got eating money!"

He frowned, gloomily debating whether he should have one more drink, when he felt a hand on his shoulder. George was very nervous about people laying hands on his shoulder and he was half-way out of the cafe before he saw it was only Alfredo Delgamo. Alfredo was Brazil's number one samba artist, taking up where Carmen Miranda leaves off. But to-night he was perspiring and wiping his brow, and lacking in that poise so becoming to the samba master.

"George," he said, "George, I hear you very much wish to return to the States, no?"

"You can say that again," George said sadly, sinking into his chair. He was so touched at discovering he had one friend in this strange land that he was almost polite. "I guess I was sorta previous, Alfredo," he admitted bleakly. "Comes the time Brazil appreciates poker they'll have already put the last clean shirt on George."

Alfredo threw his arms around him. "Better it is not so," he cried. "To see you so sad it is better I should give you my own ticket to New York. Even in my own name I will let you travel!"

George, always solid on the percentage, stared at him. His eyes, always on the alert for that double shuffle, lost their softness.

"Well," he said, "this is somewhat unexpected, Alfredo. What is this about my travelling in your name? Maybe you better give me the chorus."

"Chorus?" Alfredo repeated. "About the dance this is not, George. To-night I care not that I am the finest samba dancer in Brazil. To-night I am unhappy. It is I have just come from the cinema. I see now that it is not good that I should personally visit your country."

"The picture must have been quite a turkey," George said.

"No, no," said Alfredo, "it is the newsreel that distresses me. With my own eyes I have just seen this conscription of which we hear." His dark glaze clouded. "Like phffft, men are being made into soldiers, so fast they do it. It is not good that I should step from the plane and be given a uniform, George. It is not that I am afraid. It is only that it is very bad for my career if I am perhaps shot in a foreign tongue."

George admitted, "Well, Alfredo, while I wouldn't wish to worry you, we do have a quick army. Only last week they put my grandfather into the parachute troops, earphone and all."

Like all samba artists, Alfredo ran more towards soul than bloodshed, and he shuddered. He wasted no time in giving George the verse as well as the chorus. He, Alfredo Delgamo, had been so unfortunate as to let it be known he was about to visit the Estados Unidos as his personal contribution to the good-neighbor policy.

Had not the newspapers printed the news? Had not the farewell parties been given? Now, if he did not depart, there would be the ugly gossip and the raised eyebrow, neither of which was becoming to a man so much in the public eye.

"Well," George said kindly, "you are certainly with troubles, Alfredo. If I can be of any service you may count on me."

"It is of that I would speak," Alfredo said.

The lyrics were simple. Let George depart as Alfredo, and who would be the wiser? They were both small and dark, and if only George were to grow a moustache and wear the dark glasses the public would never suspect that Alfredo had merely retired to his father's fazenda for a few weeks.

Nothing would be left to chance. George's picture would be pasted on Alfredo's passport. He would even depart wearing one of his hats.

George had already figured the percentages. Once he was home he would lie low, playing the Flatbush circuit until he could repay Mr. No Name McNavin. No Name was highly sudden and George had no wish to pass the time of day with him at present.

Ten days later an unusually large crowd lined the fence at La Guardia Field, witnessing the arrival of a plane bearing passengers from Brazil and points south. They were rewarded with the prompt appearance of a small man in white panama and dark glasses who popped down the steps before the pilots had even shut off the engines.

George had never gone in for that bunting and parade stuff, but the sight of his native heath—lovely, lovely Manhattan with its skyscrapers and garbage scows—had filled him with all the patriotism of a congressman facing an election. At long last, he had returned to a land where poker was loved.

"There he is now!" cried Mrs. Henrietta Bacon. "This way, girls!" Before George could take to his heels he was snowed under by matronly ladies bearing the flags of the Pan American republics. Photographers' bulbs flashed on all sides. Mrs. Bacon, wheezily introducing herself as the senior charlady of the Latin-American Guild, then unleashed the reporters.

"I knew you would have just a few words for them, Senhor Delgamo," she said winningly. "You know, about the samba and how nice it is to be here."

It was a moment for samba artists but not for George, who took a dive to the floor.

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George had no idea that he was making dancing history. His only concern was to dodge his creditors.

George shuddered, needing that reception committee like he needed a hole in the head. Too late, he was learning that one does not idly become a celebrity without assuming some of the grief with the gravy.

"The sky line I like very mooch," he said, remembering he would do well to come equipped with an accent. "American women I like very mooch. Some other time, we talk more." He gave them what was to be that final brush-off, the blinding smile and the speeding exit. Nobody moved.

Mrs. Bacon thrust something into his hands. "There," she said, in plump satisfaction. He found himself gingerly holding one end of a Brazilian flag while Mrs. Bacon held down the other, giving out in her best rotogravure manner. Mrs. Bacon had the dimensions and coloring of a grey whale, and the more she smiled the more nervous George became. As the bulbs went off she said gaily, "This is for the posters, you know."

"Posters?" George asked numbly. The situation was getting out of hand. Indeed, it had all the ear-marks of that time in Kansas when a prize pigeon had not only turned out to be a bad loser, but the district attorney's son. "But about posters I know nuzzing!"

"Oh, I'll explain after we get to the hotel. The Guild has already reserved your suite, senhor."

"Guild?" he asked suspiciously. "I no compreende. There is the big mistake, yes?"

"No," Mrs. Bacon said with alarming firmness, as if she had expected just such an effort to escape. "You surely recall I wrote you several letters myself. In fact, I've even talked to your embassy, and they assured me you would be only too glad to co-operate."

Having settled that, she was the playful lady again. "Of course," she bubbled, "the Guild simply must insist on paying all your expenses until after the recital. It's only fair when the tickets are selling as fast as they're printed. New York is simply mad to see you samba!"

Only then did George suspect the terrible reason behind his gala reception. In fact, Mrs. Bacon was very blithe about it. That the public might have a better understanding of our friends to the south of us, the Guild had rented Carnegie Hall for a one-night stand of the best in Latin-American music. There would be calypso singers from Trinidad, rhumba dancers from Cuba, tango artists of the Argentine, conga dancers from darkest Haiti. And, in the closing spot that befitted his fame, Brazil's own Alfredo Delgamo, giving his all in the native samba.

George's eyes were as frozen as a breakfast bloater's. A man who was born on the offbeat, he had not been caught dancing since the days of the Lindy Hop. To be so suddenly informed he was suspected of concealing a samba was paralysing. He had observed the dance only twice during his stay in Rio, and then from a highly respectable distance. All he could recall was that it had been more strenuous than handball, and less profitable than pool.

"Mrs. Bacon," he said desperately, "you'll have to count me out. I hurt my leg on the plane . . ." The glint in her eyes drove home his error. "I speak like the Americano, no? It is old Delgamo custom. Always we have one Delgamo who speaks the English."

"How nice!" she smiled, touched by his childish pleasure. "But you really needn't worry about your leg, Alfredo. You don't mind if I just call you Alfredo, do you? You see, the recital isn't until Saturday, and I'm sure you won't disappoint us then."

He nodded. Another cameraman had grabbed a shot as he was ushered into Mrs. Bacon's car. In a few hours there would be so many pictures in the paper he wouldn't dare disappear down the nearest subway. With all this publicity and Mrs. Bacon personally baying at his heels, his taking a powder would attract no more attention than blowing up the White House.

And, unless the F.B.I. had mended their ways, they would immediately be in full hue and cry, madly seeking the idol of a friendly ally. Let them start that and learn about his forged passport, and when they did find him they would simply throw that key away. Like it or not, he was going to be the first man to ever samba his way out of prison. He, George Walker, who had always gone around minding his own business.

At the hotel a grim gentleman with a shaggy moustache and a brooding gaze was lurking in the hall when the manager and Mrs. Bacon conducted George to his suite. Mrs. Bacon, noting his pallor, smiled reassuringly. "He's only the house detective, Alfredo."

"But—" George's eyes were glazed —"but it is peculiar, no?"

The manager beamed on him. "Not at all," he said heartily. "Biddle is just one of the many services we furnish the celebrities who make this hotel their headquarters. Wherever you go, Biddle goes. You'll find you'll need someone to protect you from your public."

"Compreende," George said sadly. Once New York had seen him give with all of the samba he could dream up in the next two days he was going to need nothing but protection.

His prominence in the morning's papers only increased his awful awareness that he would either make with the samba or else. In the absence of any startling news from the fronts, Senhor Delgamo had been given a real spread. One paper even carried an editorial, heralding his appearance the following night as but another, and possibly the final step in cementing Latin-American relations.

Fortunately George, after a terrible night of walking the walls, had come up with a plan. Somehow he would learn enough of the samba to fake it for a quick thirty seconds. He would come out, take his bow, and go right into his Brazilian buck-and-wing. Once he made it across the stage he would—with very little effort on his part—stumble and fall, apparently breaking his leg.

Moaning and grimacing he would be carried from the stage and back to the hotel. The moment he was alone and had shaved off that moustache he would be down the fire escape and heading for Brooklyn. He could even leave a suicide note on some bleak dock, stating that to a samba artist with a broken leg life no longer held any meaning.

Mrs. Bacon was on the phone before he had finished his breakfast. She wished to exhibit him to some ladies' club that afternoon.

"That I cannot do," he said. "Always I must be alone ze day before ze recital. It is the artist in me, compreende?"

"Well," she began, and he could see her ample contours swelling with well-bred chagrin. "I simply thought . . ."

"It cannot be. To-day and tomorrow I do nuzzings but contemplate the samba. And to contemplate I must be alone, no? Yes!"

He then went into conference with the telephone book, consulting the classified section dealing with dance studios. To his surprise, none specialised in the samba.

Frowning, he tried calling several of the more imposing advertisers. With cold horror he learned that while they all regarded the samba as the coming dance craze, none of them yet had competent instructors in same. To make matters even more trying, several suggested he might pick up some pointers by attending Alfredo Delgamo's recital. The dancing trade, keenly aware of the master's presence, were going en masse.

But with the despair of one who finds himself in a rigged game from which he can't drop out, George kept right on pitching. By noon an album of samba records and a machine had been delivered to his room. Adding them to a bill that he hoped would soon look like the national debt, he pulled down the shades and locked all the doors. Going to work with a vengeance, he tried to recall those fancy steps that had enabled Alfredo to avoid working for a living.

It still came out handball.

When he limped from his room after five hours of hand-to-hand combat with the samba he was seeking liniment rather than escape. Gone now were most of his hopes to make it even once across the stage. He was so distressed that he didn't even care that Biddle, lurking behind that moustache, trailed him to the lobby.

"This is for the posters, you know," Mrs. Bacon said gaily as the cameras clicked.

To a man about to spend the rest of his days on the jute-mill circuit, a detective more or less is of little concern.

Several photographers and a plump gentleman in a loud gabardine suit and a straw hat were just entering the lobby. They were respectfully convoying an exotic, full-blown young lady in a magenta turban. There were reporters on the fringes of the convoy, little destroyers of the written word, and at the sight of George they sped forward to engage the foe.

"Senhor Delgamo!" cried the pudgy man, getting under a full head of steam himself. "Give him the full routine, Letiga!"

Letiga Carvallho, whose lovely exteriors and exciting Brazilian background grew more famous with each new picture, gave a little cry. Throwing her arms around George she sobbed, "Alfredo, darling! How I have missed you! Is it not wonderful the studio let me fly to your side?" As a matter of record her studio had insisted on her flying to New York that she might cash in on some of her famous fiance's publicity. Miss Carvallho, however, was too splendid a trouper to let prosaic truth interfere with an all-out performance.

"Bebita," she whispered, kissing him, "it is so long . . . so long."

Mr. Manny Sax, the publicity man, removed his hat. "Would you get them, boys?" he asked reverently. "They oughta be under glass. Two of the world's greatest personalities madly in love—but with dignity in public! Why, Letiga couldn't even wait to finish her picture once she heard her fiance was in New York." George's stomach leaped madly at this revelation of their statue. "All this time they's engaged, see, and poor Letiga hasn't seen him since Mammoth imported her to Hollywood."

George gulped, staring at his fiancee. He could feel those handcuffs already.

Manny Sax was jovially shoving him towards his betrothed. "Give her another smacker, sweetheart. One for the Sunday supplements." He winked broadly at the Press. "Can you imagine being a Brazilian? Their parents went and arranged their engagement while Letiga was still in a convent in Rio. They've never had an unchaperoned date in their lives. Maybe we oughta give them a break to-night, hunh, boys?"

While relieved at learning this engagement had been largely in absentia, George still had no intentions of being left alone with his fiancee talking about mutual friends and what gave in Rio. "No, no, no," he cried. "It is not polite we should be left alone, compreende?"

Please turn to page 18

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1/1 and 2/2

Wild Island

Continued from page 5

LANE looked into his eyes and hollowly replied, "The lava's crossing the pasture." A dead silence fell over the group, and Bob's eyes swung about the ranch. He loved every inch of it, and now it would have to go. Lane continued, "It came out of the ravine at dawn and started pouring across the pasture. You should have seen it pick up speed when it hit that slope. I've never seen anything like it."

Bob stammered. "Well—then—then the ranch is shot. Okay. We'd better get the cattle. Oh, curse it!"

The two brothers stared into each other's eyes, and John shrewdly watched them, then suddenly barked, "What's on your mind, Lane? Get it off."

Lane grinned at his father. "You take the prize for a man with one foot in the grave. Haven't lost your wits, have you? All right, I have something on my mind. I'm going to turn the flow of the lava towards the sea."

I stared at him aghast, but John howled with glee. "A volcano," he shouted. "He's goin' into the ring with a volcano. Say, look; I'm the one who's supposed to be senile."

"Don't think you're not." Lane turned to Bob and seriously said, "I mean it, Bob. I think I can do it. You know that deep creek at the upper pasture, the one that crosses just at the top of it? Well, that creek cuts into a pretty deep canyon that runs down to the sea just above the cove."

"Yes, I know, but—"

"Wait a minute. The lava crossed that creek to hit the upper pasture, but a little of it was diverted down the creek and is now on its way to the sea. The main flow, however, kept on, because the creek couldn't handle it all. Now, if we could divert all of it into the creek—"

Bob slammed his hands flat on the table. "You're talking nonsense."

"Oh, no. I've been watching it from the ridge and I can see how it can be done. There is an outcropping of rock, loose stuff of shale and old lava, that forms a sort of triangle at the juncture of the pasture and the creek. If that rock was blasted out of there it would lower the level on the seaward side of the flow, and the whole business would spill over and flow down into that canyon. A dozen sticks of dynamite would turn the trick."

"But you can't get within a mile of that heat."

Lane quietly stated, "I'll guarantee to place the dynamite on it. There is a way."

The color ebbed from Bob's face. He saw how it was to be done. So did Margot. She grabbed Lane's arm and screamed, "No, you can't. You'll never come back. When the heat hits that aeroplane—the wings—they're only cloth—please, Lane."

But he shoved her away and started for the house, and Bob said, "We'll go together."

I sat there like a stick of wood and thought of what the volcanologists had told me. The heat generated by a living flow of lava ran into many thousands of degrees. Lane would have to come down within the range of that heat to drop dynamite on the ledge. After all, he was no bomber in the Air Corps. Once in that range the plane would burst into a sheet of flame.

Lane would never return, and knew it—and Bob was going with him.

Margot turned and cried, "It's suicide. The ranch isn't worth it, Karen. Do something about it. Stop them!" She grabbed my arm, and she was almost crying. "You've done nothing but make trouble since you came here. And now you're driving them both to killing themselves—that's why they're doing it! Oh, haven't you got any feeling at all? You got them into this; now stop them!"

I jerked my arm away from her and walked into the west wing of the house and to Lane's rooms. He was taking goggles and helmet out of a drawer, and I stood there, not knowing what to say. He smiled and patted my arm.

"Bob and I love this ranch, Karen," he said. "It would be criminal to lose it. Army pilots bombed the flow at Mauna Loa once and got out of it okay." He gently moved me towards the door. "You'll have a good life here, Karen."

He took my arm and we went down the long hallway to the front of the house, and I knew it was no good talking. With Bob it would be final, too. I knew that Margot was right. The ranch was not their only reason for going. They were planning to solve their own problems in their own way.

John told his sons, "Give the old girl a lick for me while you're about it," but there was a dampness on his cheeks.

We drove down to the cove in a long string of cars, and Tom and Cal argued with the O'Neills all the way down.

But it was no good. They were like men of wood. The monoplane had its floats backed up to the beach and Sam Hanau had the motor ticking over.

Everyone started streaming up the beach towards the shed where the dynamite was kept. But I caught Bob's hand. "Stay with me, Bob. Please! I've got to talk to you."

He stopped and looked at me. "It's no good, Karen. I'm flying with Lane." But he turned back, and we walked slowly down the beach in the other direction. I knew that nothing I could say would keep him out of the plane, but I had to do something. He scarcely seemed to listen to my frantic pleading, and I began to cry.

We had reached the little cottage at the far end of the beach and Bob drew me down on the steps and held me in his arms. But I couldn't stop the tears.

"Darling, don't," he said. "We've got to get back." He mopped at my face with his handkerchief. Then he smiled suddenly. "Wait." I'll get us a brandy. We'll drink together—for luck."

And then I saw my chance. The cottage was used mostly for dressing for the beach and storing bathing suits and odds and ends. But there was a little pantry built at the back for mixing drinks. I could see the pantry now, with its one tiny window high in the wall. And as Bob went towards it inside the house I could see the pantry door—with the bolt on the outside.

I knew exactly what I was going to do, and I didn't hesitate. I slipped off my shoes and tiptoed after Bob. He was inside the little kitchen now, getting out glasses. I slammed the door and bolted it. Then I ran out of the cottage.

As I stopped to put on my slippers I could hear his furious yells. He began pounding on the door. If it would only hold till I could get back to the aeroplane. And if only Lane and the rest were still at the far end of the beach, busy with the dynamite.

I ran down the beach, and thanked heaven that Bob's shouts dwindled. When I reached the plane I could no longer hear him. And the plane was deserted. The crowd had not yet come back.

I got into the forward cockpit, and pulled on the goggles lying on the seat, stuffed my hair into the helmet, then slumped low down in the cockpit. By the time I had the safety belt fastened, Lane and the others were back. I kept my head low, so that only the top of the helmet could be seen. If we only got off quickly before Bob battered that door down.

The plane rocked as Lane jumped on to the wing and the sack of dynamite was dumped into my lap. "Bob," he yelled above the motor, "it's all capped. Strung together on one fuse."

I nodded, still keeping my head low, and he said, "When you hear me cut the engine, light the fuse and hold the dynamite over the side. Got that? Then, when I open the throttle again, drop it. But not before. We have to hit this right. All set?"

I nodded and he slid into the rear cockpit and jammed the throttle open. The six-cylinder engine roared, the plane moved away from the beach, and then we were in the air and climbing.

Reaction set in at once and I felt violently sick. What had I done? Why was I deliberately going to my death? Then I though of Bob and felt calmer. It was true that I had brought him little but trouble. I remembered his kindnesses, his invariable tenderness, and I knew that I had done the right thing. This was the solution to the horrible muddle I had made of his life.

Please turn to page 28

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Movie World

• Carole Landis, Fox star, has just returned with Kay Francis and Martha Raye from a camp entertainment tour in England and North Africa. The trio are now co-starring in "Four Jills and a Jeep," which deals with their amusing adventures on tour.

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Swing-time romance

1 **INSISTING** that daughters marry in order of age, hotel magnate Acuna (Adolphe Menjou) is pleased when his eldest daughter Julia (Catherine Craig) is wed.

2 **DAUGHTER** Maria (Rita Hayworth) worries him because she is definitely not interested in matrimony.

3 **PENNILESS DANCER** Davis (Astaire) is ordered out of hotel by Acuna, but stays to entertain wedding guests.

4 **SUPPLYING ROMANCE** to Maria, Acuna sends her anonymous flowers

5 **SEEKING** permanent job, Davis pleases Acuna by delivering flowers to Maria.

"You Were Never Lovelier"

THE pictures on this page don't give a really comprehensive survey of Columbia's airy musical, "You Were Never Lovelier," but the story is a light-hearted, flimsy affair that merely served as a background for some spectacular dance routines and musical numbers.

Astaire presents fresh evidence of his ability as a comedian, and his dancing has a staccato precision and deft lightness. Richly lovely Rita Hayworth provides a perfect foil and dances like a dream.

The involved and haywire story is set to smooth music by Jerome Kern, which is served up with zest by Xavier Cugat and his famous band.

6 **AS** a result, Maria is convinced that he is her romantic unknown lover.

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Rita Hayworth
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Fair ☐	Grey ☐	Brunette: Light ☐ Dark ☐	Oily ☐
Creamy ☐	Hazel ☐	Brunette: Light ☐ Dark ☐	Normal ☐
Medium ☐	Green ☐	Auburn ☐	Lips
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	Red ☐	Moist ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Grey ☐	Dry ☐
Freckled ☐	Lashes	Hair to Grey, shade from above and below	Age
Olive ☐	Light ☐		
	Dark ☐		

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● *Ralph Richardson, as Jaap Van Leyden in "The Silver Fleet," persuades German officers to tear up the warrant demanding the shooting of thirty hostages for acts of sabotage.*

● *In the role of the Dutch shipbuilder, Richardson shows his submarine model to German officers. The Royal Netherlands Government and the British Admiralty worked in close collaboration.*

Triumphant premiere of "The Silver Fleet"

By Cable from Anne Matheson in London.

THE world premiere of the much-discussed English film, "The Silver Fleet," was a triumph for Lieutenant-Commander Ralph Richardson, the star and co-director. Ralph is attached to the Fleet Air Arm, and was granted special leave by the Admiralty to make this film, which is a stirring tale of the gallant Dutch resistance in Occupied Holland.

However, after his outstanding performance in this film, Ralph Richardson can't get the grease-paint off quickly enough to get back to the Service.

"Like Laurence Olivier," he told me, "I am a pilot. And, like him, it was with great reluctance I returned to the screen.

"However, we agreed that it perhaps was just as vital to the war effort to make a good propaganda film once in a while. So I played Jaap Van Leyden, Dutch shipbuilder, in 'The Silver Fleet.' Meanwhile, Laurence started on his film, 'Demi Paradise,' a film of Soviet British understanding.

They talk flying

"ALTHOUGH I loved making 'The Silver Fleet,' like Larry Olivier, I used to be positively homesick for the Fleet Air Arm, and down at Denham we would spend most of our time off the set talking flying.

"If I had any time off I would pop down to the Naval Air Station to see the boys, and while I was making the film many of the boys dropped in to Denham to see me.

"I am not on operations in the Air Arm. I am training air-gunners. This may sound monotonous to you, but flying is just the breath of life to me."

Before rejoining his squadron, Ralph is making one film at his own expense. He has given it the working title of "The Volunteer," and it will be a story of the Fleet Air Arm.

He told me that as this branch of the Service is not so well known as the R.A.F., it is not so easy to get good ground crews for this picture.

"But we hope to get real volunteers instead of screen extras," he said.

"It was an Australian who gave me this idea, Lieutenant-Commander Arthur Napper, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., who was our ground engineer."

Ralph Richardson told me that he had met a lot of Australians in the Fleet Air Arm.

"They are awfully good types," he said.

"There is Lieutenant Lebby Hordern. I served with him for a year and was in the Naval Guard of Honor at his wedding."

Ralph's voice dropped to sympathetic tones when he spoke of his friend and colleague, Esmond Knight, who was blinded while on active service in this war.

"You know he is marvellous," he said. "He has played in the film with me and there never was an actor easier to direct.

"Because he is blind he would memorise every line and every step and every piece of furniture in relation to every actor. His courage in the face of insuperable difficulties was an inspiration to every one of us."

"The Silver Fleet" premiere performance was for Dutch charities, and every Dutchman from Prince Bernhard down showered congratulations on the entire cast.

● *The courageous English star, Esmond Knight (centre), although blinded on active service, gives the finest performance of his career as the chief of the Gestapo in "The Silver Fleet."*

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2GZ/KA, Orange, Wed. 9.15 p.m.

3UZ, Melbourne . . Fri. 8.15 p.m. 3DB, Melb'rne, Wed. 7.30 p.m.
3BA, Ballarat . . . . Fri. 9.15 p.m. 3GL, Geelong Sun. 8.30 p.m.
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M.R.L.

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He grew to manhood under our eyes. A friendly little boy—a youngster in his first long pants—then, all of a sudden, a man at war.

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"U-boat magnet" Pockley hit the enemy hard

Home after epic service with famous Sunderlands

By BETTY NESBIT

Flight-Lieutenant H. Graham Pockley, D.F.C. and Bar, is home again.

Nicknamed "the U-boat magnet," because submarines always seemed to come his way, he has an imposing score of hits chalked up.

A part of the Bay of Biscay has been unofficially named after him because he sank so many submarines there.

IN the operations-room of the famous 10th Squadron of the Coastal Command his fellow-pilots pencilled the words, "Pockley's Corner" on the wall-map.

They said this part of the Bay was "out of bounds" for anyone else.

This thirty-year-old, grey-eyed flier had given a hectic and heroic two years' service with the Sunderlands of Britain's Coastal Command.

In his home at Randwick, he told me something of his adventures, which seemed oddly grim in contrast with the boyish smile he has retained through it all.

He has destroyed two enemy subs., damaged three others, sunk a small patrol vessel, and damaged a large anti-aircraft ship. For these exploits he received his decorations.

Flying has been his one hobby since he was a schoolboy at "Shore" Grammar School, Sydney, when he used to spend his spare time making model aircraft.

He learnt to fly at the Aero Club, at Mascot, before the war began, and his wife, then Miss Joyce Price, used to go flying with him.

HOME AGAIN. Flight-Lieutenant Graham Pockley, known as the "U-boat magnet," photographed with his attractive wife.

"Dive-bombing the flak-ship in the Bay of Biscay was one of my most exciting encounters. Luckily for us, although it was an anti-aircraft ship, and I've never seen so much stuff hurled at any plane, not one hit was registered on my aircraft," he said.

"They used multiple tracer pom-poms, funny sort of ammunition. Looking down one could see dozens of trains of colored objects, looking for all the world like strings of sausages, floating slowly up from the ship.

"They didn't travel so slowly when they got near to us.

"The boys in my crew marked their hits by painting swastikas or the Italian ensign on the side of our aircraft," he said.

"In all our operations not one of my crew got even a scratch. But there were some miraculous escapes, like shrapnel knocking goggles off their helmets."

Another of Pockley's exploits was the sinking of an Italian submarine in the Mediterranean.

"This took five and a half hours," he said. "A long struggle. At times I had to dive so low over it, trying to dodge the sub.'s fire, that my keel just cleared the conning tower.

"They hit my Sunderland with a shell just before this, and apparently thought that I was going to crash right into the submarine. We could see them diving over the side to escape."

HE CHASES SUBS., TOO. Lieutenant Robert Pockley, Graham's brother, who is in command of an anti-submarine ship.

Sea rescue

IN the Mediterranean Pockley rescued the crew of another flying boat which had been shot down. It was being flown by Australian Stan Slamey, a well-known N.S.W. cricketer.

"I intercepted their S.O.S., got the direction, and retransmitted the S.O.S. and position to a destroyer while I flew on ahead," he said.

"When it arrived seven fighters with French markings came over and started attacking it. So I climbed up to draw their attack on to me. We kept them busy while the destroyer got the men safely off their wrecked flying-boat," he said.

The most important operation that Pockley was on just before saying good-bye to the squadron was the Allied convoy going to North Africa.

"We started weeks before the convoy sailed, and continuously swept the area through which they would pass until they were beyond our range.

"All the time we didn't know why we were doing it, or for whom.

"Only a few of us even sighted the convoy; most of the time we were hundreds of miles ahead.

"It wasn't at all exciting, as we were only part of the gigantic scheme of protection for the convoy. Hundreds of aircraft did hundreds of patrols, and flew thousands of hours on their task of preventing air, surface, or submarine attacks.

"The secrecy was amazing. Except for a few very exalted persons, not a soul in England knew that anything was about to happen, let alone when or where."

Flight-Lieutenant Pockley is writing a book about the Coastal Command at the suggestion of the R.A.A.F.

"I've decided to call it 'Flying Porcupine,' which is the nickname the British Press gave the Sunderlands," he said. "Not much has been written about the Coastal Command, whose work may seem to be routine and unspectacular, but I assure you it isn't," he said.

Flight-Lieutenant Pockley has already written 30,000 words, about half of his book.

At Newport Beach, near Sydney, where he is spending his leave, he read the first few chapters of it to some of his friends staying there.

"I hope to have more published in Australia," he added. "It is in the form of an autobiography, but, of course, most of it is about the squadron's experience in Coastal Command.

"R.A.F. is keen on books that show the work of a particular section of the Air Force. For instance, the Noel Monks book, 'Fighter Squadron,' that one of Hilary's, 'The Last Enemy,' and also 'Fighter Pilot' and 'Bomber Command' were extremely popular.

"Our squadron is proud to have played its part in the work of the Coastal Command, which has flown millions of miles in its work of protecting shipping," he said.

FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT POCKLEY'S CREW. Reading from top to bottom and left to right: L.a.c. E. W. Lee (Qld.), Sgt. J. H. Leach (N.S.W.), L.a.c. R. K. Scott, D.F.M. (Vic.), Sgt. J. A. McDonald (Qld.), Sgt. Darcy Wright, Flight-Lieutenant Pockley (captain), Sgt. H. D. Gerke (Vic.), P.-O. M. K. McKenzie (Vic.), F.-O. H. L. Swan (S.A.), F.-O. K. G. Fry (S.A.), and L.a.c. J. F. Cureton (Vic.).

FLYING HERO AND HIS DOG. Flight-Lieutenant Pockley with Poster, the English setter he bought as a farewell present for his wife.

Praises maintenance men

"THE squadron has certainly taken part in some great shows, but much of the credit must go to the maintenance personnel.

"They are the most wonderful blokes. Their mechanical skill is quite miraculous. They knock off when the job is finished, and not before.

"They are proud to keep the Sunderlands flying, and they do in days what other men do in weeks. There's no doubt that the record number of flying hours achieved by the 10th Squadron is due to the work of the maintenance boys," said Flight-Lieutenant Pockley.

"Another chap I would like to mention is Pilot - Officer A. F. (Paddy) O'Dwyer, of Brisbane, who was my first pilot, and, therefore, my second in command. He is a wonderful pilot, and his qualities of keenness and initiative were absolutely invaluable to me. I would like to contact his parents and tell them all I can about Paddy."

Pilot-Officer O'Dwyer was posted missing while flying with another captain while Pockley was ill recently.

"Could depend on every one of my crew, and it's the crew that counts," said Pockley.

"Believe me, Australian air-crews are the most sought-after," he continued. "They've got a sort of dash, tempered with skill and stability, which makes them invaluable."

Flight-Lieutenant Pockley has been away for more than two years, and has flown Sunderlands all that time. From the time he received his captaincy, twelve months ago, till he left the squadron, he has flown the same flying-boat, "R for Robert."

On his way back to Australia, Flight-Lieutenant Pockley stayed in New York for a few days.

"Found America very interested in Australia, and when people recognised me as an Australian they would come up and say they have brothers, sons or husbands here," he said.

Waiting to greet him on his return was his wife, whom he married only a few months before leaving Australia, his mother, Mrs. H. C. Pockley, two sisters, his brother, Lieutenant Robert C. Pockley, who is in command of a ship in the anti-submarine section of the R.A.N.—and Poster.

Poster is the fine English setter which the pilot bought for his wife before leaving for England. He is now grown up.

"I am quite sure that he remembered Graham," said Mrs. Pockley, "although he was only a puppy when he went away. If he didn't, well he knows him now!"

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Editorial

APRIL 10, 1943.

BUDGET FOR LIBERTY

THE Government is calling for £100,000,000 to fill the third Liberty Loan.

The average woman, whether wage-earner or housewife, may be inclined to look at that astronomical total with its impressive string of noughts and to conclude regretfully that she can play no part in a project on so grand a scale.

Yet women, always superb budgeteers are the very people who can help.

The money must come from the pockets of the people and so the personal budget of every citizen now becomes of vital importance to the whole nation.

It was the housewife who, in the happy days of peace, managed by small economies to save for a lounge suite, a radio, a new carpet for the family home.

In the same way, the smart business girl with the keen clothes sense husbanded part of her salary week by week till she was able to buy a long-coveted set of furs, super evening dress or stunning beach outfit.

Those delights are gone for the duration, but the capacity for economy and self-discipline such planning showed are still there.

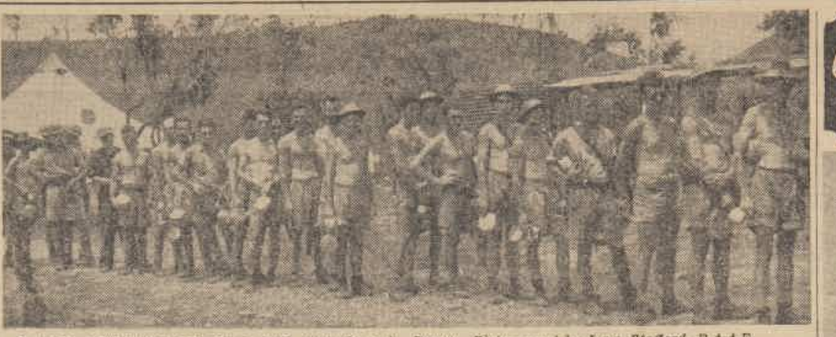
Women will be using these special abilities for a higher purpose when they save for bonds instead of bric-a-brac, for liberty instead of luxury.

Visiting comedian, Joe E. Brown, made a good point when he said it was not 100 per cent. patriotic to "give until it hurts."

"You must give with the feeling you are not hurting yourself, but going all out and enjoying it," he said.

That's the spirit in which to approach the newest wartime task.

—THE EDITOR.



R.A.A.F. MEN LINE UP for a meal somewhere in Papua. Picture sent by L.a.c. Stafford, R.A.A.F.

Warship steamed 200 miles to save airmen

Story of the rescue of four airmen by an Australian warship, which sailed 200 miles from port to find the men, is told by Petty-Officer Milsom in a letter to his wife at Goodwood, S.A.

"WE put to sea suddenly and steamed at no mean speed towards enemy territory," writes Petty-Officer Milsom.

"We were to pick up the crew of a plane which had crash-landed and then sunk, leaving the crew on a rubber float.

"Visibility was limited to about 250 yards, as the sky was heavily overcast. Luckily the sea was smooth.

"Our eyes were strained peering through powerful binoculars hour after hour searching for both enemy and airmen.

"My four-hour watch ended at midnight, but then I turned to and prepared ladders and lines, scrambling nets, grapnels, heaving lines, and rigged a stretcher to lift any possible injured aboard.

"No sooner had I lain down to rest when a flare lit up the surroundings about 300 yards from our starboard bow. We turned a small searchlight on and there they were.

"We eased down speed rapidly and circled around, coming up to them with our starboard side.

"A scrambling net was lowered over the side and as the raft bumped another P.O. and I clambered down and assisted the chaps aboard.

"Two were hurt more than the others, but they all bravely attempted to climb up, even the one with a fractured skull.

"This after they had been adrift for 15 hours, mind you. That's what I call 'stomach.'

"It seemed miraculous that we should steam 200 miles and find them.

"We learnt later this morning that only one chap on the raft was awake. When we hove in sight he wakened the others, saying, 'There's a ship!' but they would not believe him and told him to get some sleep.

"However, he was certain it was a ship, so he fired the only flare they had.

"I have the flare pistol and cartridges as souvenirs.

"I think Providence had a hand in the fate of these men. They were meant to be saved."

Cpl. K. Stone, R.A.A.F., to his brother at 7 Gower St., Dunleath, S.A.:

"WE learnt some of the natives' language yesterday — words for 'Good-bye,' 'Hullo,' 'How much,' 'How many,' and 'All those that's getting off jump!' This last is used when our boys give the natives a lift in a truck.

"However, some of the mission boys are educated and speak better than some of us.

"One of our chaps wanted to know what the natives used for healing sores. He imagined that they had some secret remedy from witch doctors.

"So our chap said, 'You tell-em me what you fella usee or witch doctor give-em you for scratch mark on arm.'

"The native answered in perfect English:

"'Generally we obtain a mixture of sulphanilimide and bicarbonate of soda from the Red Cross. We have many strange customs, of course.'"

Pte. Athol Reid somewhere in Australia to his mother, Mrs. G. W. Reid, 8 Hooker St., Islington, N.S.W.:

"WE had some beer the other night. Boy what beer! One mouthful was enough.

"They sent it by rail, and when it arrived here they had to wait three weeks for the train to cool off before it could be unloaded.

"The unloading party were equipped with asbestos suits, and the fire brigade and ambulance stood by in case of emergency. It had a most demoralising effect on the troops. Mac got a sniff of one of the bottle-tops, and inside two minutes was writing out a cheque for all his back income tax.

"During an argument he spilt beer on one of his pet goannas, and we witnessed the best display of the 'big apple' yet seen around these parts.

"Bill ran amok, and wanted to pay the rent he owed in 1914.

"Gosh, that beer was good. Flock after flock of elephants flew by and dingoes flitted from bough to bough in search of their nests.

"We decided to go down to the creek for a swim, and when the crocodiles came too near we just breathed in their faces, and the poor devils shed their skins and screamed.

"As I have challenged the O.C. to a game of marbles, I will catch a double-decker bus, and will see you near the grandstand."

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk and girls in the Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1.

L.A.C. Warren, R.A.A.F., in Scotland, to his aunt, Mrs. R. Cummins, of Engadine, N.S.W.:

"TWO of my cobbers and I had 48 hours' leave in Aberdeen. We saw some oranges in a window with a big notice on them, 'For children only.'

"It is over six months since we saw an orange.

"So I picked up Bill Kennaugh, my 6ft. 3ins. cobber, and carried him into the shop the way you carry a baby—three feet of arms and legs waving in the air.

"I asked the shopkeeper if he could sell me an orange for the little boy.

"He thought it a great joke and said it was worth one each. Did we tear them apart!"

A soldier in New Guinea to his wife, Mrs. R. D. Stewart, Beenleigh Rd., Runcorn, Qld.:

"THIS morning we attended the dedication of the war cemetery. It is set in clear country with the coconut palms standing respectfully back, except a few which serve an ornamental purpose.

"Behind these the mountains looked over the fringe of hushed tree tops, and the dark, solemn, grey sky was a background to a pile of mounting fleecy white clouds which seemed to rise beyond the mountains as if to look on.

"It had been raining previously, so that the green seemed even greener on the stretch of grassy plain, while to the east a break in the overcast ceiling of the sky, poured out light on the resting places of those who will not grow old, as we who are left grow old.

"The service was brief but impressive. My feelings I just can't describe, for some thoughts are beyond the powers and limitations of description.

"The hymn 'O God Our Help In Ages Past" was played by a military band, while we sang softly.

"Followed the dedication and the two minutes' silence. 'The Last Post,' soft and clear, followed by Reveille, and then we marched off and back to the job.

Interesting People

MISS HELEN OGILVIE

. . . Rehabilitation Service

TEACHING basketwork to patients at Heidelberg Military Hospital is Miss Helen Ogilvie, of the Red Cross Rehabilitation Service. As certain rushes used in basketry are no longer imported she is experimenting with Australian-grown plants. Also instructs in making of hook-rugs, lino-cuts, and woodcuts.

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR CONRAD HELFRICH

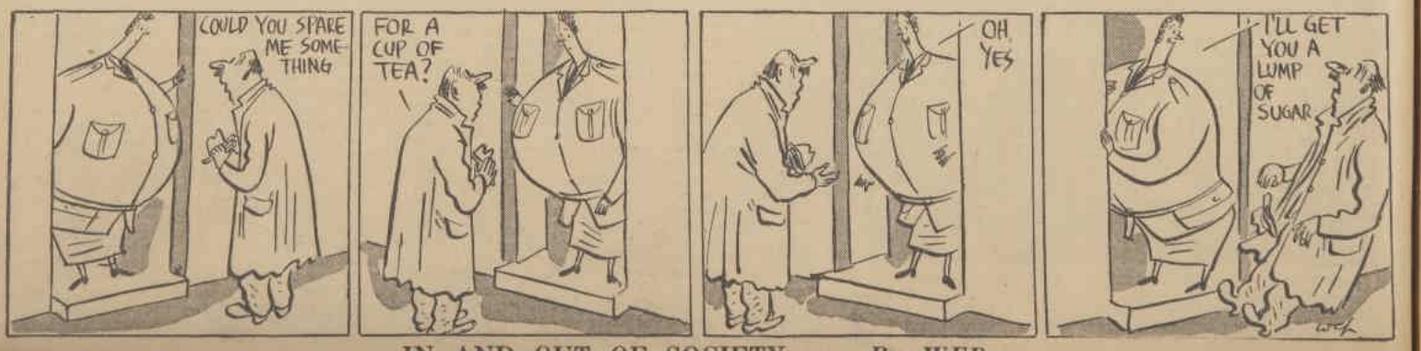
. . . Fighting admiral

YOUNGEST admiral in history of Dutch Navy is Vice-Admiral Sir Conrad Helfrich, commander-in-chief of Netherlands Naval Forces. Since the fall of Java he has made his headquarters in Colombo. Is visiting Australia to inspect Netherlands forces and discuss reorganisation. Is specialist in submarine and destroyer operations. Recently appointed Knight Commander of the Bath.

MRS. NANCY H. LOVE

. . . Plane ferrying

DIRECTOR of America's newly-formed Women's Auxiliary Ferry Squadron, Mrs. Nancy Harkness Love is a noted pilot who has held commercial licences for nine years. Her squadron ferries fighter planes and bombers from U.S. factories to coastal bases for U.S. Air Transport Command.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By WEP*

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

PEOPLE born under the signs Aries and Leo will probably have more good fortune than those of other signs during the coming week. Aquarians should benefit, too, also Sagittarians in a lesser degree.

However, Cancerians, Librans, and Capricornians should exercise wisdom by being cautious and patient. They should avoid big changes and discord, and keep to routine tasks.

Saturday, April 10, is the best day for most groups, just now.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): From April 9 (dusk) through April 10, April 11 (until dawn), April 13 (after 8 p.m.) your fortunes can improve. Seek goals and changes then.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): April 7 (from dusk) and April 8 (till dawn) just fair, but avoid over-excitement and urgency this week.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): April 8 has possibilities, but beware misjudgment and illusions, especially in the forenoon and evening. April 9 (from dusk), April 10, and April 11 (till dawn) fairly helpful.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Avoid all risky matters, changes, and discord, for difficulties can prevail. April 6, 8, 9, 11, and 12 all poor.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): April 6, 7, and 8 can be confusing; April 9 (to midday) poor, then fair; April 10 helpful; April 13 (to 9 a.m. and during late afternoon and late evening hours) fair, but tricky otherwise. Seek progress and gains, but with caution.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Uneventful days for most Virgoans. Routine best. April 6 (evening) to April 13 (morning) slightly adverse.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Avoid risks of all kinds; also changes, arguments, and rashness. This is particularly so on April 6, 11, 12, and 13. Let important matters wait. Losses, partings and opposition probable.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): April 6 to April 8 can be confusing; so can April 13 (evening) and April 12 (except for midday hours). Routine best.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): April 6 confusing; April 7 (after sunset) very fair; April 12 (midday hours only) and April 13 (after 8 p.m.) can be most helpful. Seek progress, changes, and other goals now. But be cautious from April 8 to April 11, and on April 13 (near dusk).

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Be guarded! Difficulties are more probable than success, especially on April 6, April 11, 12, and 13. Avoid changes, discord, upsets, and worry then. Routine best.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): April 9 (evening) and April 10 can produce modest benefits or pleasures, so seek them diligently. But be cautious from April 6 to April 8 and from April 11 to April 13.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Consolidate past gains and avoid over-confidence or big changes. April 7 (from sunset to midnight) just fair; also April 12 (midday hours) and April 13 (from 4 p.m. to 8 p.m.).

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Film Reviews

★ CALL OF THE CANYON

Gene Autry, Ruth Terry. (Republic.)

GENE AUTRY, Republic's popular singing cowboy, gets better material than usual in this rousing Western. The plot revolves round a group of cattlemen, led by Autry, who get a bad deal from a packing company. Into the ensuing turmoil comes the pretty girl—Ruth Terry, who is a pleasant little heroine.

Several songs are unobtrusively introduced, and do not hinder the action.—Capitol; showing.

★ RHYTHM PARADE

Mills Brothers, Gale Storm. (Monogram.)

HERE is a trite little film which is saved from obscurity by some snappy musical numbers rendered by the Mills Brothers and Ted Fio Rito's orchestra.

There are plenty of pretty girls, dancing and music set against a nightclub background.

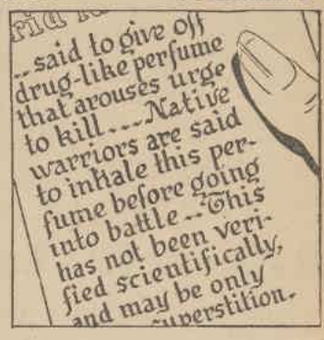
The story is impossibly airy, and deals mainly with the attempts of the decorative heroine, Gale Storm, to secure an engagement as the star singer in the club.—Capitol; showing.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, along with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant and
PRINCESS NARDA: Of Cockaigne, are spending the week-end at the house of a sinister figure, whose hobby is the cultivation of orchids. The reason for this is that
CLAIR: Without reason, has tried to murder
BOB: Her fiance, and they are trying to unravel the mystery.

While there, Narda, acting under some strange influence, walks in her sleep and attempts to kill Mandrake with a paper-knife. She is frustrated, and on recovering her senses wanders off to inspect the orchids. One beautiful specimen attracts her, and she is examining it when Clair's
UNCLE: Disturbs her, and shows resentment at her prying. NOW READ ON:



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PTES. JACQUELINE CROOKSTON (left) and Margery Paull, two members of the A.A.M.W.S., with the mobile laundry unit.

GLADYS AND MARJORIE JOHNSON, two sisters in the A.W.A.S., attached to an anti-aircraft battery in the North. They have two brothers in the A.I.F. Girls in the unit often borrow hats from Diggers.

Ack-ack Army girls work alongside soldiers

Servicewomen's varied jobs somewhere in the North

By RITA DUNSTAN, War Correspondent

First ack-ack girls in the Army to be stationed with soldiers are somewhere in Northern Australia.

In the course of a tour of 3500 miles I saw servicewomen doing this and many other vitally useful jobs, including manning an R.A.A.F. operations-room and running a mobile laundry unit.

AT a short distance it was hard to tell men from women in the anti-aircraft unit.

All wear blue jeans, and the girls borrow slouch Digger hats from the men. It was not until I heard the shrill feminine voices yelling "Target seen . . . on target," that I realised there were women in the group.

Standing in small clusters around precision instruments, these girls get right down to it. With heads bent over their instruments, and hands busy manoeuvring focus controls, they shout their orders to the gun position officer, who transmits the orders to the male gun crew, finally ordering, "Stand by," then "Fire."

When an alert is given the gun crews and girls on the instruments take posts. Without further instruction from the gun position officer, they train their instruments on the target, an unidentified plane. It is then the shouts of "Height-finder on target," and "Target seen," are heard.

Most of the alerts have been given at mealtime, although one night the girls were called to their posts at midnight.

Gunner Gladys Adams, 23, of Queensland, who gives the last order to fire, said they wasted no time getting to their posts that night.

"We hopped out of bed," she said, "tore on our jeans, grabbed our tin hats, and ran, doing our buttoning on the way, but it turned out to be a friendly plane. We were all very disappointed."

Snakes and toads

A FRESH pair of jeans is worn every day, and one pair washed. They do not need ironing, so there are no laundry problems with working clothes.

Snakes are plentiful about these parts, but, as the men say, "the girls scream more at toads than at snakes. We kill the snakes for them."

Gunner Joyce Stephenson, of Brisbane, said the men on the station spoilt the girls. "They wash our dishes and fetch more bread or butter in the mess if we want it. They'll do any jobs at all for us."

The officer commanding said there was a great spirit of comradeship between the girls and the men.

"They are all just good friends. They turn on parties in the recreation hut, and the girls cook for supper.

"We are very short of furniture in the recreation hut, so have to make do with a few tables and chairs. We are also very short of footwear.

"Shoes are hard to get, and the thin soles on the girls' shoes wear out in a few weeks. They need soles just as thick as the men's boots in this area."

Lance-Bombardier Ray Godwill, in a poem dedicated to the ack-ack girls, sums them up thus:

They're ready to meet our deadly foe
And are waiting for the chance
To prove to us and Tokio
They are not here for romance.

The girls say the full-length copy of the poem hanging in the mess hut is "just a reminder in case we forget."

Wherever I went in the North I was impressed with the cheerful and happy manner in which servicewomen are doing a fine job.

In the R.A.A.F. operations-room of a northern area I marvelled at the calmness with which W.A.A.A.F. and R.A.A.F. personnel received dramatic messages.

I was there the day a message came through from Allied aircraft following a Jap convoy.

"Attacking convoy—two enemy ships burning," was the message.

I was highly excited, but the calm way the W.A.A.A.F. officer made a note of the details, and went about her business as if nothing had happened, amazed me.

It was the first time I had had the opportunity of seeing the reaction of these girls on receiving signals direct from aircraft in action.

The W.A.A.A.F. officer, whose duties are varied and strictly secret, is used to it, and knows her job too well to show anything more than a service-like interest in proceedings.

The course she completed to prepare her for the job covers navigation, map and chart reading, signals, ship recognition, and reconnaissance.

The whole of the information received in this room tells the story of operations in hand, and officers can see at a glance what is going on over land and sea targets.

Working in shifts right round the clock, the girls are entitled to 24 hours off following a long shift.

Plotting-room

IN the plotting-room of a fighter sector a mixed staff of men and women were working. The commanding officer told me it would eventually be staffed entirely by girls.

Signals received here give details of the approach of enemy planes. Their course is plotted by girls, and though, as the C.O. said, the job can be very enthralling and quite exciting, it is a steady routine job and the W.A.A.A.F. personnel are proving themselves efficient and capable.

Girls stood about the plotting-table wearing important-looking earphone attachments, moving small metal discs on a big scale map. Mysterious-looking lights, all different colors, gleamed at intervals from various boards, and knobs and switches were everywhere.

The layout of the room reminded me of a courtroom. On the "bench" were liaison officers in direct communication with anti-aircraft batteries, Allied Army and Navy authorities.

In this room and the adjoining filter-room, where messages are sifted out by special officers, are the prettiest Waaafs I have seen. But they seem to have no thought of their personal appearance as they bend their well-groomed heads over charts and speak solemnly into telephones.

Only a small percentage are officers, most of them being aircraftwomen and corporals.

They are keenly interested in their work, and would not return to well-paid civilian jobs if they had the chance. They are anxious to learn as much as possible about plotting so that they can take on more responsible jobs.

Not so exciting as these jobs, but just as necessary is the job done by members of the mobile laundry unit, also somewhere in the north.

They are the only army girls attached to the A.I.F. They enlisted for service overseas, but so far have stayed in Australia.

Although the function of the mobile laundry is to move from place to place, its two sections are at present attached to hospitals.

In an eight-hour day 3500 articles are washed and dried, and at least 15 per cent. of them ironed by each section. The girls are responsible for ironing, sorting, folding, packing, and checking.

Six girls were folding sheets when I saw them. They wore light khaki drill hats, and, like the A.I.F. men, had "Australia" tabs across their shoulders.

Their main complaint is that they are still in Australia.

Pte. Jean MacDonald, of Elizabeth Bay, who wrote advertising copy for a big city store before enlisting, said:

"I think it was the 'mobile' that got most of us in. We thought we'd be overseas by this time.

"The work is monotonous, and fairly strenuous, but we don't have to do the heavy work at the boilers. The men do that."

Pte. Mary Peterson, of Gosford, said: "Tell them to send more mail. We all think our families and friends might write to us more often."

Pte. Kath Bradford, of Double Bay, told me about the "mobile laundry wedding" which took place when Pte. Nancy Hancock, of Sydney, married hospital patient, Sergeant ("Curly") Heathcote, who had recently returned from New Guinea.

ON THE WAY to the mess for lunch. These four happy Awas attached to an anti-aircraft battery love their job, even though the temperature where they are stationed sometimes soars to 117 degrees.

2GB Announces Important Changes in Your Radio Entertainment

"Passing By"
Your best-loved music presented by Montague Brearley, and his concert orchestra.
WEDNESDAY, 8 p.m.

"Troupers All"
Jack Lumsdaine presents half-an-hour with those favourites of the footlights who have built our grand stage tradition.
THURSDAY, 8 p.m.

"Calling the Stars"
Jack Davey presents his greatest show as a complete one-hour unit of music and comedy.
NOW FRIDAY, 8 p.m.

"Youth Speaks"
Radio's most challenging session in which the young people debate the problems of to-day.
NOW FRIDAY, 7.30 p.m.

"Music Box Memories"
The musical hits of yesterday, still fresh and entertaining as ever.
NOW FRIDAY, 7.15 p.m.

"Doctor Mac"
Everybody's favourite, kindly lovable, whimsical Doctor Mac in his day-to-day adventures.
NOW MON., WED., AND SAT. 8.30 p.m.

2 G B

★ *The B.B.C. News continues to be presented every night at 10 o'clock, followed at 10.15 Sunday to Friday by the 2GB WAR DIARY.*

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FILL THE LOAN...
and pass the ammunition!

Your money will arm and equip men like these who are fighting for Australia.

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Rain Check from Rio

Continued from page 7

TAKING this as the genteel gesture a Latin gentleman would have to make, the press and Mr. Sax immediately departed on a heavy wave of admonitions to have fun. George took a deep breath, considering the lady of Alfredo's dreams. Alfredo, such a glamor-pants he didn't bother mentioning stray fiancees he had staked out in the States.

"Well," he said finally, "I mean, if you're hungry or something——" He checked his bets while he could. "Perhaps," he added hurriedly, "perhaps as long as we are both in the States to-night we should speak only English, no?"

Letiga smiled. "Anything you say, Alfredo . . ."

They went to Hymie's Hut, the heavily scented restaurant which dealt in the best herring and worst characters around town. George let out a nostalgic sigh at the sight of the crowded booths, the waiters laden with steaming goulash, and all that conniving bustle that had been so lacking in Brazil. It was old times.

With a start he remembered his fiancee, who was obviously dismayed at his ideas of a restaurant. "It is quaint, no? On the plane, the Americanos spoke only of this place."

Letiga nodded. Her conversation was entirely composed of lowered eyes and meek nods. By the time he had finished his liverwurst on rye he was growing accustomed to her lovely desire to say nothing at all. So George spoke only twice, and then to the waiter.

After a while, filled with good cheer and admirable cheesecake, George glanced around the Hut, taking an inventory of the customers. The cheesecake suddenly stuck in his throat. Mr. No Name McNavin and the Messrs. Fatso Kaplan and Edgie Haldeman were in a booth across the room, staring at him as three butchers would consider a choice steer.

Filled with chagrin, Mr. No Name McNavin's face had closed like a fist. Edgie and Fatso Kaplan looked even less promising.

As they bore down on him George desperately slipped on his hat and most innocent expression. Aware of a valuable prop to his new identity, he seized Letiga's hand. His panic must have been contagious. Her hand was trembling.

"George," No Name said bleakly, "you can tell the lady to blow. We wanna word with you. We wanna inquire what happened to our three grand."

Fatso Kaplan was scowling. "George Walker with moustache," he said with esthetic distaste. "Unless you get it up, George, I'm gonna pull them out one at a time!"

George stood up shakily. "No compreende," he said shrilly. "No compreende this George Walker. Only yesterday I arrive from Brazil, no, Letiga?"

She said meekly, "Of course, Alfredo."

"Alfredo?" Edgie Haldeman said. "Take off that moustache and you got George Walker. Give it a jerk."

Only the law saved George from being manhandled then and there. The shaggy moustaches and brooding eyes of Biddle popped over the nearest booth. "Let me handle this, Senhor Delgamo," he said dourly. He turned on the assembled creditors and with a cold flip of his lapel he revealed his special officer's badge.

"Now do you lugs get out of here or do I have you run in? Senhor Delgamo's up here for a recital and I got orders he's not to be disturbed."

No Name, never kindly disposed towards parties with stars hidden under their lapels, bristled. "Yeah?" he said. "A recital, hunh? He don't look like no violinist to me!"

"Violinist?" George said. "It is to laugh, no? New York knows that Alfredo Delgamo, the world's greatest samba dancer, will dance here to-morrow, and these gentlemen wish to make the crude jest. Better we should leave, Letiga."

She was still trembling as the cab drove away. While George had revised his opinion of certain house detectives he was still glad that Biddle was not on hand to witness his fiancee's strange behaviour. Letiga's eyes were growing misty, and George could take just so much of that. Fiancee or no, he had to be getting back to his samba practice. His muscles groaned at the very thought of another encounter with the dansant.

Letiga's full lips quivered. "Alfredo," she began, and then the mist became a downpour, "you make me feel such a phony," she sobbed. "You Brazilians are so—so kind!"

"Us Brazilians," George said numbly. "Us Brazilians? What about you?"

"Don't," she sobbed. "Please don't pretend any longer. I'm just from Steubenville, Ohio, and I can't help it." She gave way completely. "You won't believe me, but I simply had to make people think I was a Brazilian, Alfredo. That's the only reason the studio was ever interested in me. I didn't dream that you would ever come up here and find out that I—I had even told them you and I were engaged, just to make it sound better."

George had given a little gurgle on learning she was just in on a rain check herself. "Go on," he said gently. "Go right ahead, Letiga."

"That's—that's all there is. I was working in a chorus in a Rio casino when I—I dreamed all this up. When I came home I went right into my accent and had a contract before you could say Copacabana." She gave a pretty sniffle.

Enjoying his sudden status as a Latin gentleman, George gave an understanding shrug. "It is nuzzing," he said kindly. "All of us pretend at times, no?"

This charity from one who could have ended her career for ever caused Miss Carvalho to break down all over again. "Even—even suggesting we just speak English to-night rather than let on you knew I was a fake. I'll—I'll never forget that, Alfredo."

He gave another shrug. Encouraged, Letiga dried her tears and snuggled closer, all in the same maidenly movement. Once again every movement was a production. "You'll never know how I've always admired you, Alfredo," she said softly. "When you were at the Urca I used to come there every night after work just to see you samba. You were so wonderful! When I think of the poor little sambas I've done in pictures . . ."

George stared at her. Once before in his life he had drawn a royal flush when he was down to his last stack, and it had filled him with the same reverence. "Perhaps," he said shakily, realising his salvation was right there in the cab with him, "perhaps to-morrow night you would do me the little favor, no?"

When he told her what it was, she threw her arms around him.

"Oh, Alfredo! How wonderful to even think of me!"

With no cameraman about, George wasted no time in evading her embrace. "I am sorry," he said, "but in Brazil I have already the fiancee with five brothers, all swordsmen. To-morrow night will be, how you Americans says, only for fun."

Carnegie Hall was a sea of sable and lorgnettes long before Mrs. Bacon came bustling backstage with the great news. Trinidad calypso singers had already captivated the far-flung galleries and the Haitian conga dancers were giving out to their jungle rhythms when Mrs. Bacon let the rest of the staff in on her delicious secret. Bursting, she confided that Alfredo Delgamo was actually going to dance with his fiancee.

"Letiga Carvalho," she gasped, savoring every syllable. "Alfredo just called and told me himself. Just think of Brazil's lovebirds doing their bit for our little guild. And then people say the good neighbor policy hasn't been a success!"

George, who was still at the hotel and highly involved in prying himself into his carnival costume, didn't resemble a man who was about to appear anywhere. In securing the outfit from her costumiere Mrs. Bacon had omitted to include the floor plans, and George was with difficulties. He deplored the gay pants, cut off at the knee; in fact, he loathed the costume that the well-turned-out samba artist always wore. He was still struggling with the sash when the cab deposited him at the stage door.

Letiga was waiting in the wings when he came stumbling up the steps. She was quite the Brazilera herself. She was wearing a Bahiana that revealed her charms to a degree that George found quite blinding. But beneath the turban her face was tight with strain.

"There's really a mob scene out there," she said, nervously twisting her bracelets. "And when I think of going on without a rehearsal . . ." her lips tightened . . . "well, it's not fair, that's all. Unless you promise to make me look good, too, the whole deal's off."

"Letiga," he said feelingly, "that you may appear well, I shall let you lead me in the first samba!" There was no doubt she had the shoulders for it. They were broad and strong, and with a good grip on them, he ought to last out his one trip across the stage. Once that was completed he could go into his broken-leg routine and be off in the night.

The audience, grown restless with waiting for the main event, burst into applause when Mrs. Bacon breathlessly announced that Letiga Carvalho would appear as an added attraction; and the pit orchestra, armed to the teeth with cabassas, chocalos, and samba orchestrations, plunged into Acquarella do Brasil.

The beautiful opening bars were restrained and poignant; then, with the crack of the waves bursting on Copacabana Beach, there was the full bouncing rhythm of the samba, faster and faster and faster. The heavily accented beat pounded through the house, louder and stronger with each measure. At its swirling crescendo the curtains parted with dramatic suddenness.

Letiga, swaying and bending on every offbeat, giving her exotic all for that packed auditorium, came into view with George already holding on for dear life. Too late he had learned the samba was like skipping rope, an art his childhood had never mastered. There was the same bouncing movement, the knees buckling at every step, and only Letiga's bronzed shoulders to prevent his falling flat on his face. The rhythm grew so fast that it made the Cuban rhumba dancers, who had preceded them, look like the prizewinners in "Waltz Night" at the Old Folks' Home. George's face grew as red as his sash. Desperately clutching Letiga's shoulders, he was dizzily aware that the samba was taking him in ever-widening circles. The staring faces of the audience became a madman's dream, haunting him from all sides.

Soon they were twirling so rapidly that the faces, not content with being on a merry-go-round, were also on the floor and the ceiling, and at the same time. George closed his eyes, about to succumb to those shipboard terrors, when Letiga suddenly broke from his grasp.

Staggering, he found that she was circling around him, giving out with her weaving arms and swaying body in the best carnival style. It was the moment so beloved to samba artists. The couple breaks apart and become competing floor shows as each dancer gives his own version of what St. Vitus' Dance has done for the samba. It was a moment for samba artists, but not for George Walker. For him it was the moment to take his dive.

Half-way to the floor he found himself staring into the bleak gaze of the Messrs. McNavin, Kaplan, and Haldeman. His creditors, not at all convinced by that accent and house detective, were planted in the first row.

"He is or he ain't," No Name said when George first appeared, sambaing for dear life. "And I'll lay you even he is. Even with that gipsy routine it still looks like George Walker to me."

George was thinking much the same thing. He hit the floor, but immediately recovered his balance and went right into a Russian Cossack act which he had often witnessed in vaudeville. Arms crossed, calling out "Hit! Hit!" his frantic legs, kick-by-kick, removed him from the line of immediate fire. When he lurched to his feet Letiga was there. He seized her as a child seizes a maypole. "Hang on, babe," he gasped. "We're off!"

Driven with horror, he took the samba back through the ages. The first stop was the Lindy Hop, the last dance with which he had even had a nodding acquaintance. Now it was Letiga who was hanging on. Exhausting what he remembered of the Lindy Hop, he went right into The Big Apple, a dance he had once observed in a newsreel.

The audience, prepared to be thoroughly bored in the interests of sweet charity, were as excited as if they had discovered a new Firpo.

But George, concerned only with saving what passed for his life, had no knowledge that dancing history was being made the hard way. The exhausted musicians were still doggedly playing sambas, and George, just as doggedly, had progressed through the Black Bottom, Charleston, and Dark Town Strutters' Ball. His fascinated creditors remained glued to their seats, and George's frantic efforts to be a Brazilian had to go on and on, letting the arches fall where they may.

Not until he had exhausted the past and was trying to recall a few jitterbug steps he had once seen in Harlem, did he come to the end of the recital. It was fittingly dramatic. Miss Letiga Carvalho went suddenly limp in his arms and slid to the floor in a dead faint. The customers, beside themselves at this Dixie finish, insisted on seven curtain calls before Miss Carvalho could be carried from the stage. George, supported by three awed stagehands, was then helped to his dressing-room.

Gradually he became aware someone was waving brandy under his nose. It was Biddle. His dressing-room was bulging with reporters and admirers, and Mrs. Bacon was carrying on as master of ceremonies. "Miss Carvalho's been taken to the hospital for a complete check-up," she sniffled, daubing at her eyes. "I'll never forget her last words as long as I live. She said that even in Rio, Alfredo had never equalled his performance to-night!"

George was dazedly reading a letter Biddle had thrust in his hands. It had arrived at the hotel after he left for the recital, and it was from Alfredo. "Better I should have come to the States after all," he wrote sadly. "Much happens since you have left, my companheiro. Only yesterday I was inducted into the Brazilian army." There was a scrawled afterthought. "Some ladies have written me of a recital. If they call upon you, ignore them."

With Alfredo no longer in circulation, George's duty was clear. To his admirers' sorrow they learned that Alfredo Delgamo was retiring at the height of his career. He was giving up the samba for the duration. "Soon," George said bravely, "you will hear that Alfredo Delgamo is bearing the arms of Brazil!"

Having gone this far with Alfredo, George thought dreamily he might as well go the whole way. With his creditors cluttering up the town, his own patriotism was on the rise. To-morrow, with his moustache gone, George would be enlisting in the U.S. Army himself. A living was a living, and an army the size of America's must have a lot of parties in it who played far worse poker than George Walker.

(Copyright)

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"You had the road to yourself! Why didn't you drive round me?" "My goodness, mister, I didn't have enough petrol for that!"

Old stage favorites on the air

A radio show that promises to be something out of the ordinary is "Troupers All," which commenced on station 2GB last Thursday night, and will be heard at 8 o'clock every Thursday night.

It is a tribute to the tradition of the Australian stage which has been handed on to the radio world.

THE aim of the show will be to glorify the trouper tradition, and its production will be in the hands of Jack Lumsdaine, a trouper himself, because of his many years' association with stage and radio.

Mr. Lumsdaine will combine the functions of producer, compere, and pianist, with Bert Harrow as assistant compere. The whole atmosphere will be friendly round-the-piano entertainment, but it will be handled in a strictly professional manner, and the artists—the troupers of the years gone by—will be included not only because of their ability, but because they have stories to tell and memories to revive.

The first programme brought to the air such well-known people as Minnie Love, Bert Harrow, Adele Kay, and Les Warton, while the quartet included Ethel Walker, Winnie Edgerton, Cliff O'Keefe, and Fred Webber. These quartets will include musical comedy selections and old favorites of other days.

The highlight will be four-minute dramatisations under the title of "The Show Goes On." These will enact incidents in which an artist has appeared on the stage in spite of extraordinary misfortune, difficulties or adverse circumstances.

The older generation, however, will not have the programme to themselves. Young troupers will be included from time to time and in some cases, the sons and daughters of troupers will illustrate how the tradition of the Australian stage is being carried on.

The aim of Jack Lumsdaine is to make the broadcast different from anything of a similar nature that has been on the air. It will give younger people personality appeal, strong comedy, and attractive music.

JACK LUMSDAINE, producer, compere, and pianist in 2GB's new show, "Troopers All."

For the older people these ingredients will be enhanced by the mixture of memories which favorites of the stage will revive for them.

In developing these memories Jack Lumsdaine will play a big part, for there are few better acquainted with the history of the Australian stage over the past thirty years.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every Day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, April 7: Reg Edwards' Gardening Talk
THURSDAY, April 8 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "All Those in Favor."
FRIDAY, April 9: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody.
SATURDAY, April 10: Goodie Reeve presents Radio Competition, Melody Couplets."
SUNDAY, April 11 (from 4.30 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "First of All, It's Music."
MONDAY, April 12: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."
TUESDAY, April 13: Musical Alphabet.

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Fashion PATTERNS

• *FIVE NEW STYLES that are ready to swing briskly into autumn. Note, too, the specially attractive concession pattern.*

F13.—Useful and becoming smock with gay color note introduced by cross-stitch trimming on collar, cuffs, and pocket. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4yds., 36ins. wide, and ½yd., 36ins. wide, contrast. Pattern, 1/4.
F1993.—Slim-making coat with revers trimmed with velvet. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½yds., 54ins. wide, and ½yd. of 54ins. wide for contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

SMART HATS AND BAG

No. 1 requires ½yd., 36ins. wide. No. 2 requires ½yd., 36ins. wide. No. 3 requires ½yd., 36ins. wide. No. 4 requires ½yd., 36ins. wide.

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your name and full address in block letters. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. ★ State size required. ★ For children state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on concession coupons.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed.

Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 481G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 499P, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....
STREET .....
SUBURB .....
TOWN .....
STATE .....
SIZE ..... Pattern Coupon, 10/4/'43

F1852.—Gaily youthful little suit, bound with contrasting material, and having an interesting peplum effect at the waist. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3255.—Matron's trimly-tailored suit with the extended shoulder-line cleverly carried out with tucks, which are repeated in the pockets. 38 to 44 bust. Requires 3½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3154.—Special-occasions frock with a long bodice gathered softly into a front panel, and having cosy wrist-length sleeves. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 5yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

Needlework Notions

Well-cut rompers

THIS smart little romper suit (No. 347) is available from our Needlework Department traced clearly on material, all ready to cut out and stitch at home.

You can obtain this ready-to-make in lemon, green, pink, blue, coffee, and white linette, or in blue, pink, and white rayon crepe-de-chine.

The design is simple, with its high Peter Pan collar, tucked front, long, full sleeves.

Sizes 6 to 12 months and 1 to 2 years, in linette, price 4/11. Plus 3½d. postage and 4 coupons.

In rayon crepe-de-chine, price 6/11. Plus 4½d. postage and 4 coupons.

Paper pattern only, price 1/4.

Adorable blouse

BLOUSES are more popular to-day than they have been for many a year. And so they should be, for they give charming as well as practical service.

The one illustrated at right (No. 348) is lovely, and has been specially designed for readers.

It comes to you with the pattern traced clearly on rayon crepe-de-chine (in pink, blue, and white) or in a lovely satin (in salmon, blue, magnolia, and white).

Sizes 32 to 38.

In rayon crepe-de-chine, price 8/11, plus 4½d. postage and 6 coupons.

In satin, price 14/6, plus 6½d. postage and 6 coupons.

Paper pattern can be had for 1/4.

Three dainty d'oyleys

THE dainty d'oyleys illustrated (No. 349), feature three different shapes — sandwich, round, and square. The motifs are traced on crisp organdie in lemon, green, pink, blue, and white, ready for working.

The round mat measures 8 x 8, sandwich mat 5 x 11, square mat, 8 x 8. The latter features the new criss-cross stitch design as well as floral motifs. All have plain edges for lace or crochet finish.

Price 1/- each, postage 2½d.; or set of three for 2/6, plus 2½d. postage.

Fashion Frock Service

"GRACE" CHIC SUIT

HERE is an attractively plain suit which is just the thing for "Miss 1943," who does a war job but goes on to a luncheon date. "GRACE" is a tailored style, slim-making and trim, with distinction in its large covered buttons, and slightly flared four-gored skirt. It is interpreted in eyelet linene in pink, pale blue, turquoise, sea-green, lemon, and white.

Sizes 32, 34-inch bust: Ready to wear, 45/11 (13 coupons); cut out only, 35/11 (13 coupons).

Sizes 36, 38, and 40-inch bust. Ready to wear, 49/11 (13 coupons); cut out only, 39/11 (13 coupons).

Postage, 1/9½ extra.

HOW to obtain "GRACE." In N.S.W. obtain postal Note for required amount and send to Box 3492RR, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. When ordering be sure to state bust measurement and name of model.

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FAR EAST WELFARE ASSOCIATION. Lady Cross (left), Lord Wakehurst, Lady Anderson (chairman of the Far East Welfare Association), and Lady Wakehurst (president) at the meeting held recently at the Bank of N.S.W. Building, in George Street.

ARMY WEDDING. Lieut. Jack O'Rourke, A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Patricia Johns, of Blayney, after their wedding at St. Mary's.

FOR CHARITY FUNDS. Corporal M. Spraule, A.I.F., and Sheila Fisher-Smith (left), June West and Captain Bob Rourk, A.I.F., dance at the Barcroft for Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Children funds.

On and Off Duty.

AMERICAN Red Cross now planning Rest Club for U.S. nurses. Have already chosen handy location, and send their decorators in this week to make needed alterations.

Club will accommodate forty nurses, and will have big reception and dining-rooms, and nurses may bring their guests in for meals.

One of the features most likely to be favorite with the nurses is promised sundeck, with striped awnings, which will be in the garden.

Mrs. Sally Whitaker, one of few Australians to wear American Red Cross uniform will be acting club director.

• • •

KATHLEEN PATRICIA LYONS, third daughter of Dame Enid Lyons and the late Prime Minister, plans to wed A.c.1 Gilbert Gordon at Our Lady of Lourdes Church, Devonport, Tasmania, this week.

Gilbert is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gordon, of Collinaville, Queensland.

Bride chooses sister Moira, who is now in A.W.A.S., as her attendant.

Says her wedding gown is true "austerity frock," as it is made from frock her mother wore to the Coronation, and her veil is that worn by sister Sheila when she was presented.

• • •

FROM Melbourne comes news of engagement of Corporal Lois Ivan Smith, A.W.A.S., and Lieut. Geoffrey St. Alban Wake, A.I.F.

Lois wears lovely old onyx and gold ring belonging to Geoff's family while her own diamond solitaire is being made. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Ivan Smith, of Chatswood, and her fiance is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. L. St. Alban Wake, of Toorak.

Lois and Geoff met several months ago at a military camp somewhere in Victoria, and plan to be married on Geoff's next leave.

• • •

THE 2/7 Armored Regiment Younger Set are on look-out for new rooms.

"At the moment we share the auxiliary's rooms in Pitt Street," says president Rona Wilkinson.

Anyone who can help them in this matter can ring secretary Bubbles Green at JW2568.

RED CROSS AUCTION. Mrs. Lennox Bode (with vase), Mrs. Alexis Albert, and Mrs. Hector Clayton set out some of the lovely china donated to the Red Cross for exhibition at David Jones' for a week beginning May 11. Exhibits will be auctioned May 18 and 19.

MUSICAL SOCIETY'S performance of "The Mikado" at the Conservatorium on May 22 is main topic of discussion at Free Lance Younger Set's meeting at Hotel Australia.

Part of proceeds will go to Younger Set, who are busy selling tickets. Discussion at meeting was as to where they would allocate their share of proceeds. Decided that they will give funds to N.S.W. Institution for Deaf, Dumb and Blind Children.

President Diana Lianos tells me that her committee raises money for any charity that needs funds.

AT WHITE HOUSE. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt and Madame Chiang Kai-shek photographed in the garden of the White House.

RED CROSS BABY COMPETITION. Mrs. Frank Penfold Hyland, president of the Red Cross Day Committee, is visited in her office in Martin Place by Barbara Eleanor Gelling, an entrant in the Red Cross Baby Competition, and her mother, Mrs. E. W. Gelling, of Randwick.

Heard Around TOWN

CAPTAIN MARGARET INGLIS, A.A.M.C., specialist in plastic surgery, and Lieut. Audley Gillespie Jones, A.I.F., who announce their engagement recently, plan to marry very shortly.

Margaret, who is stationed at big military hospital in N.S.W., is the eldest daughter of Dr. Keith Inglis, who is Professor of Pathology at Sydney University, and her fiance is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Gillespie Jones, of Queen's Road, Melbourne.

• • •

PETER PAN Kindergarten now has Mrs. Reg Bettington as president, and opens an opportunity shop at 43 Rowe Street.

• • •

GREAT excitement for Mr. and Mrs. M. Granger, of Rose Bay, when their two daughters, who are both in the Services, arrived home on leave together. Joy, who is a corporal in the W.A.A.A.F., and Pam, who is a signaller in A.W.A.S., celebrated with party for their friends at the Hermitage.

• • •

MRS. L. G. KLEM, of Clifton Gardens, has news from North Wales of daughter Patricia, now Mrs. Bill Rodden. Patricia writes to say has chosen Victoria as name for her third daughter, born recently.

Betty

PLANS FOR EASTER. Members of the Younger Set of the Allied Soldiers' Club discuss plans for the Easter Sunday launch picnic for club funds. They are (left to right): Jean Fisk, Helen Laikovetsky, Jean Davidson, Ruth Lillalea, and vice-president Bobbie Speck.

LEARNING MORSE. Pretty Rhonda Miller, wearing green uniform of the Women's Emergency Signalling Corps, instructs four U.S. officers in Morse code at the W.E.S.C. rooms.

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THE CHERUB ABOVE, Suzanne Irene Simpson, is a big girl for her age, so she models a garment designed for two to four-year-olds very nicely. The pixie bonnet she wears is sweet. It would suit all wee girls one to two years of age. Wool for jumper takes three coupons; pixie hood can be made from left-over baby wool.

Special Section : CHILDREN'S KNITWEAR

By EVE GYE, *Editor of Our Homemaker Department*

INSTRUCTIONS for making accompany all designs illustrated in this special section.

There is happy variety, and other designs will be published from time to time throughout the season.

The pixie hood shown on this page will be very popular.

This scrap of woolly charm buttons at throat and protects ears and back of neck from chilly winds.

It can be made in a few hours.

The insertion-like inset yoke and lace-like trimming on collar and sleeves of the jumper shown left give quite a dressy finish to this garment.

Sweet pixie hood

MATERIALS Required: 1oz. Paton's baby wool; 1 pair each No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles; 2 small buttons.

Measurements: Around face, 14ins.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1in.

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 112 sts. (Knit into back of cast on sts.). Moss-st. for 1in. Then work in st.-st. for 5ins. Shape for back as follows:

1st and 2nd Row: Work to last 10 sts., turn.

3rd and 4th Rows: Work to last 20 sts., turn.

5th and 6th Rows: Work to last 30 sts., turn.

7th and 8th Rows: Work to last 40 sts., turn.

Work to end of row. Cast off.

Carefully press work with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams.

Using No. 12 needles and with right side of work towards you, evenly pick up 66 sts. around bottom of hood. Now cast on 12 sts. (Knit into back of cast on sts.). Work in rib of k 1, p 1 to end. Cast on another 12 sts. Work 2 rows in rib.

Next Row: Work to last 5 sts., k 2 tog., wrn., rib to end.

Work 7 rows in rib. Work to last 5 sts., make buttonhole as previously. Work 2 more rows in rib. Cast off in rib.

Suzanne jumper

(Illustrated left)

MATERIALS Required (Warning—Use the wool specified, otherwise success of garment cannot be guaranteed): 4 skeins (short sleeves), 5 skeins (long sleeves), "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof, or "Sunbeam" Super 3-ply Fingering Wool, shade No. 2090 (powder-blue), 1 skein, shade No. 1075 (white), 2 pairs needles, Nos. 10 and 12; 4 small blue buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 12ins. Chest, 24ins. Length of sleeve seam, 3ins.

Note: For 26in. chest use No. 8 needles instead of No. 10 needles.

Tension: 7 sts., 1in. 9 rows, 1in.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles and bl. wool cast on 84 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 2½ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles.

Work in st.-st., and when work measures 8ins., shape armholes by casting off 4ins. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row 3 times.

When armholes measure 4ins., shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

FRONT

Work the same as for back up to armholes.

Next Row: Cast off 4 sts., k 24 (leave on spare needle), cast off loosely 28 sts., k 25.

Next Row: Cast off 4 sts., p 24.

Continue on last 24 sts., and k 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row 3 times. Continue in st.-st., and when armhole measures 4ins., shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Join wool at centre front and work other side to correspond. Work 1 row of d.c. around neck opening.

YOKE

(Two pieces)

Using No. 10 needles and w. wool cast on 16 sts. Work the 1st row following into back of sts.

1st Row (wrong side): K 1, * p 2, k 1; repeat from * to end.

Please turn to page 27

Jersey and pilch knickers

● This suit was really designed for baby boys, but, as you can see, little girls can wear it, too!

FASHIONED from the softest blue baby wool, this suit has been designed to fit children 12 to 18 months of age. Note picture at right.

Two coupons are required for the wool.

Materials Required: Paton's baby wool., non-shrink. Quantity, the jersey 2oz., the knickers 2oz.; knitting needles, 1 pair No. 10; eight buttons.

Measurements: The jersey—length from top of shoulder, 10½ins.; width all round at underarm, 19ins.; length of sleeve from underarm, 3ins.

The pilch knickers — length at centre front, 10½ins.; length at centre back, 11½ins.; width all round at widest part, 24ins.

Tension: To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 8 sts. to the inch in width.

The jersey

BEGIN at the lower edge of the back. Cast on 76 sts. and work 2ins. in k 1, p 1 rib. Change to pattern as follows:

1st and 2nd Rows: * P 1, k 1; repeat from * to the end of the row.

3rd and 4th Rows: * K 1, p 1; repeat from * to the end.

These 4 rows form the pattern. Continue until the work measures 6½ins. from the beginning, finishing after a 2nd or 4th row.

ARMHOLE SHAPING

Cast off 3 sts. at the beginning of the next 4 rows, then decrease 1 st. at both ends of the next 3 alternate rows. Work 3ins. without decreasing on remaining 58 sts. Cast off.

THE FRONT

Work like the back until ribbing has been worked, then divide for the two fronts as follows:

Next Row: Pattern 40, k 2 and pass the remaining 34 sts. on to a safety-pin.

Next Row: K 2, pattern 40.

Repeat the last 2 rows once more.

Next Row: Pattern until 6 remain, cast off 3, pattern 1, k 2.

Next Row: K 2, pattern 1, cast on 3, pattern to end of row.

Make a buttonhole in this way on every successive 16th and 17th rows, but when the side edge measures 6½ins., finishing at this edge, shape armhole.

ARMHOLE SHAPINGS

Cast off 3 sts. at the beginning of the next row, then next alternate row. Now decrease 1 st. at the same edge on the next 3 alternate rows. Continue without decreasing until 5th buttonhole has been worked, finishing at this edge.

NECK SHAPING

Cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next row, then 3 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 alternate rows, then decrease 1 st. at the same edge on the next 4 rows. Continue on the remaining 17 sts. until the armhole edge is 4 rows longer than the back. Cast off.

Join wool to front edge of the other 34 sts., cast on 8, then work up this side to match the first, but omit the buttonholes.

THE SLEEVES

Begin at the lower edge. Cast on 40 sts. and work 1½ins. in k 1, p 1 rib.

Next Row: P 8, then p twice into the next 24 sts., p 8 (64).

Change to pattern and work 1½ins., then decrease 1 st. at the beginning of every row until 44 sts. remain, then at both ends of every row until 22 sts. remain. Cast off.

THE COLLAR

Cast on 2 sts. and work in g st., increase 1 st. on every row at one edge only until there are 16 sts. Work 10ins. without increasing, then decrease 1 st. at the same edge as the increasings were made on every row until 2 remain, take these 2 together.

TO MAKE UP THE JERSEY

Join the shoulders, sew in the sleeves, sew on the collar, then press the work on the wrong side with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up the side and sleeve seams and press them. Sew on buttons, and sew right side under left at lower edge.

Pilch

BEGIN in the centre front at the lower edge. Cast on 28 sts. and work 6 rows in pattern, then increase 1 st. at both ends of the next and then every alternate row until there are 48 sts. Now cast on 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 12 rows (96).

Work 6 rows without casting on, then decrease 1 st. at both ends of the next and then every 6th row following until 78 sts. remain.

Work one row, then change to k 1, p 1 rib and work 6 rows. Now work 3 rows over the first 39 sts. and cut wool. Work 3 rows over the last 39 sts., then work 7 more rows over all sts. Cast off. This is the front.

Work the back in the same way until one row has been worked past the last decrease.

TOP SHAPING

1st Row: Pattern until 6 remain, turn, pattern until 6 remain, turn.

3rd Row: Pattern until 12 remain, turn, pattern until 12 remain, turn.

5th Row: Pattern until 18 remain, turn, pattern until 18 remain, turn.

7th Row: Pattern until 24 remain, turn, pattern until 24 remain, turn.

Cut wool. Pass all the sts. back to one needle, join on the wool and work the ribbing to match the front.

LEG RIBBING

Sew the lower edges together and press the seam. Hold the right side of one leg towards you and pick up the sts. right along, then work 1in. in k 1, p 1 rib. Cast off in the rib.

TO MAKE UP THE PILCH KNICKERS

Press the work on the wrong side with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up the sides, leaving an opening in the centre of the ribbing at each side to form buttonholes, then press the seams.

Sew the remaining buttons on the sides and back of the jersey to correspond with the buttonholes on the pilch.

IN HER EXCITEMENT, the chubby model pictured above in the sweet baby-blue suit removed the lower button from the front of her jersey. An important button because the knickers button on to jersey at front, sides, and back. As you can see, the knickers have gone up one button in front. Please forgive our model.

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Radiant *freshness* **in a jaded world**

When production steps up, should beauty step down? Yardley complexion care isn't complicated. A minute now and then . . . and your skin will be clear, cool and lovely, all day. And, for radiant freshness, there's the lovable fragrance of Yardley Lavender . . . as personal as your name, as unobtrusive as a sigh.

Put your best face forward . . .

BY APPOINTMENT

Yardley OF LONDON

Adaptable

IS THE WORD

. . . And that word means everything in these days of coupon-limited wartime buying. Here is a shoe that can be worn all round the clock . . . with tailored suits or dressmaker frocks. Correct in every instance the Tango Court by Bedggood . . . is really in keeping with Austerity styles.

2 COUPONS

TANGO

BY *Bedggood*

The patent flexible instep prevents any suggestion of instep pinch.

Breaks Colds Quickly—

WOODS' *Great* **PEPPERMINT CURE**

A PICTURE OF CONTENTMENT AND LUXURY. Here is a beautiful babe wrapped up in a combined shawl and hood, which has been specially designed for the use of all little Australians. Complete directions for crocheting this adorable affair are given on this page. Six coupons needed for the wool.

Luxury for baby at little cost

● New and exclusive design for little Australians—combined hood and shawl in simple crochet with ribbon finishing.

THIS combined hood and shawl is one of the cleverest ideas ever evolved for baby's comfort. And yet it is so simple. Anyone who can use a crochet hook can make this enchanting affair quite easily.

The design resembles honeycomb, something after the style of the quilts of our grandmothers' day.

The weave is reasonably close, which makes for extra warmth and cosiness.

Before the ribbon is attached and the gathering done to form hood, the shawl measures 36 x 36 inches. An extra inch is gained all round when the ribbon is sewn on.

In sewing ribbon on the fourth corner (referred to in directions for making-up), avoid a peaked effect. Ease woollen edging on to ribbon in order to "straighten" this corner which, when gathered, forms the attractive hood as shown in the picture above.

Here are the directions:

Materials Required: 12oz. Paton's Baby Wool, non - shrinkable; 1 crochet hook (Stratnoid), size 10; satin or 4½yds. of satin ribbon for binding.

Measurements: 38 inches by 38 inches.

Tension: 7 sts. to the inch in width, and 4 rows to the inch in depth.

Abbreviations: D.C., double crochet; tr., treble; wl., wool; sts., stitches.

Make 212 chain.

1st Row: 1 d.c. into 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. in every ch. to end.

2nd Row: 1 ch. to stand for 1st d.c., 1 d.c. in every st. to end of row.

3rd Row: Same as 2nd row.

4th Row: 1 ch. to stand for 1st d.c., 1 d.c. on next st., wool over hook, miss 3 d.c., and insert hook from right to left under next d.c. of 2nd row.

Draw wool through loosely (wool over hook and draw through 2 sts.) twice, miss next d.c. of 3rd row. * d.c. on each of next 3 d.c., wl. over hook, insert hook in same place as previous tr., draw wool through loosely, wl. over hook and draw through 2 sts. (2 sts. left on hook), wl. over hook, miss 3 d.c. of previous row, insert hook under next st. of 2nd row, draw wool through, wl. over, draw through 2 sts., wl. over, draw through 3 sts., miss next d.c. of 3rd row, repeat from * to end.

This row should end with 1 d.c. to match beginning.

5th Row: Same as 2nd row.

6th Row: 1 ch. to stand for 1st d.c., 1 d.c. on each of next 3 d.c., wl. over hook loosely, and insert hook from right to left behind top of 1st tr. of 4th row, draw wl. through, wl. over hook, draw through 2 sts. (leaving 2 on hook), wl. over, insert hook behind next 2 tr. of 4th row, draw wl. through, wl. over, draw through 2 sts., wl. over, draw through 3 sts., miss next d.c. of last row, 1 d.c. on each of next 3 d.c.; this forms a diamond.

Repeat diamonds to end of row, ending 4 d.c.

Repeat from 3rd to 6th rows inclusive, until work measures 36ins. square. Work 2 rows in d.c., break off.

TO MAKE UP

Bind all round with satin, mitre 3 corners, but leave the 4th corner straight for hood.

Gather 17 inches on either side of point to form hood.

Easy-to-follow instructions for this cardigan are found in the Sun-Glo Knitting Book, Series 47 (price 7d. or 8½d. posted). Use Wilga Super Fingering, a particularly soft and long-wearing knitting wool. Over 100 practical designs are described in the 1943 Sun-Glo Knitting Books (7d. everywhere, or 8½d. posted). They are all illustrated in the "Sun-Glo" Style Guide — FREE *if you send the coupon below now.*

★ **A REQUEST:** *If your retailer sometimes cannot immediately supply you with certain shades, please remember that the bulk of our production goes to the men in the fighting lines. We know you will understand that their needs are greater and more urgent.*

WILGA

KNITTING WOOL

A SUN-GLO Product SB2

1943 STYLE GUIDE FREE

Alexandria Spinning Mills,
Dept. A22, 19 Grosvenor Street, Sydney.

Please send me your new "Sun-Glo" Style Guide showing 1943 fashions in hand-knitwear.

Name.....

Address.....

Please write name and address in BLOCK LETTERS.

Manufactured by F. W. Hughes Pty. Ltd., at their Alexandria Spinning Mills, Sydney. Wholesale Distributors: Paterson, Laing & Bruce Ltd., all States.

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Here they are again!

● If you like the cosy garments worn by our cover children do make them for your darlings . . . just follow the directions.

THE striped cardigan worn by the little chap leaning over the fence will suit any little girl, too.

It will fit 3 to 4-year-olds, and takes but three coupons. Here are the directions:

Materials required: Four skeins "Sun-Glo" shrinkproof or "Wilga" 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 347 (grey); 1 skein each of No. 2138 (red) and No. 2111 (green); 2 pairs needles, Nos. 10 and 12; 4 buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 13ins.; chest, 24ins.; length of sleeve seam, 9½ins.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; g, grey; r, red; gr., green.

Tension: 13 sts., 2ins.; 17 rows, 2ins.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles and g wool, cast on 80 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles, work in st.-st., working 9 rows g, 1 row r, 1 row gr., 1 row r. Repeat last 12 rows, and when work measures 8½ins. shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row 3 times. When armholes measure 4½ins. shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 12 needles and g wool, cast on 48 sts. Work in rib of K 1, p 1, for 2ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.) Change to No. 10 needles.

Next Row: K 40 (k 1, p 1) 4 times.

Next Row: (k 1, p 1) 4 times, p 40.

Continue in pattern, keeping the border sts. in rib, and when work measures 8½ins., cast off 4 sts. at armhole edge, k to last 10 sts., k 2 tog. (k 1, p 1) 4 times.

Continue to decrease 1 st. at centre front (inside border) every 3rd row, and k 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row 3 times. Continue to decrease at centre front every 3rd row until decreased to 26 sts. When armhole measures 4½ins., shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Work remaining 8 sts. in rib for 1½ins. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working border at opposite end, and making buttonholes as follows: 1st one being ¼in. from lower edge, and 3 more 2ins. apart.

BUTTONHOLES

1st Row: K 1, p 1, k 1, cast off 2 sts., work to end.

2nd Row: Work to last 3 sts., cast on 2 sts., p 1, k 1, p 1.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles and g wool cast on 44 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.) Change to No. 10 needles and work the 12 rows of pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased 58 sts. When sleeve seam measures 9½ins., k 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 14 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves. Join borders at back of neck. Sew buttons on left front.

OUR COVER CHILDREN loved their woollies and hated parting with them when the picture was taken. Directions for the girl's jumper (shown extreme left) are given on page 27. You are advised to use the wool specified, otherwise success of garments cannot be guaranteed.

Cossack coat and skirt

THE smart outfit shown on the little girl in the centre was designed for 4 to 5-year-olds. It takes 5½ coupons.

Materials required: Eleven skeins "Sun-Glo" shrinkproof or "Wilga" 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2138 (red); 2 pairs needles, Nos. 10 and 12; 12 brass buttons; 4 press studs.

Measurements: Coat—Length from top of shoulder, 12ins.; chest, 24ins.; length of sleeve seam, 12ins. Skirt—Length, 13½ins.; waist, 16ins.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; wrn., wool round needle; st.-st., stocking-stitch.

Tension: 13 sts., 2ins.; 17 rows, 2ins.

SKIRT (2 pieces)

Using No. 10 needles cast on 160 sts. Work in st.-st. for 13ins., then k 2 tog. all along the next row (80 sts.). Change to No. 12 needles and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2ins. Cast off. Make 1in. hem along lower edge.

STRAPS (2)

Using No. 12 needles cast on 16 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 12ins. or required length. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side seams. Sew straps on to back of skirt and fasten on inside of front waistband with press studs.

COAT (BACK)

Using No. 10 needles cast on 66 sts. Work in st.-st. for 2ins., then increase 1 st. each end of every 6th row until increased to 80 sts. When work measures 8½ins. shape armholes by casting off 3 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row 3 times. When armholes measure 4½ins. shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles cast on 43 sts. Work in st.-st. for 2ins. Work 2 rows.

Next Row: K 6, wrn. twice, k 2 tog, k 4, wrn. twice, k 2 tog., k to end of row.

Work 14 rows st.-st., increasing 1 st. each end of the 3rd and 9th rows (47 sts.).

Next Row: P twice into 1st st., p to last 19 sts., p 2 tog., wrn. twice, p 10, p 2 tog., wrn. twice, p 4, p twice into last st. (49 sts.).

Work 14 rows st.-st., increasing 1 st. each end of the 6th and 12th rows (53 sts.).

Next Row: K 6, wrn. twice, k 2 tog., k 14, wrn. twice, k 2 tog., k to end.

Work 14 rows st.-st., increasing 1 st. each end of the 3rd and 9th rows (57 sts.).

Next Row: P to last 29 sts., p 2 tog., wrn. twice, p 20, p 2 tog., wrn. twice, p 4, p twice into last st. (58 sts.).

Work 6 rows st.-st., increasing 1 st. at centre front edge of the 6th row, k 1 row. Cast off 3 sts. (armhole edge) of the next row.

K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 3 rows.

Next Row: P to last st., p twice into last st. (centre front edge).

Continued on page 25

New *Under-arm* Cream Deodorant *safely* Stops Perspiration

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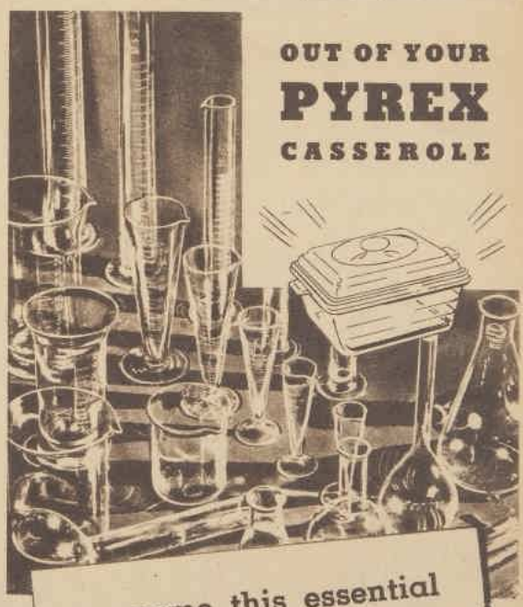

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Cosy outlook for winter

● Make this pretty white jumper for your little girl, and let her wear it with a gay skirt and braces as shown in picture.

THIS is the same skirt as that worn by the little girl on the cover, but with braces attached. Directions for skirt and braces are given on page 23 of this issue.

THIS jumper is designed to fit little girls 4 to 5 years of age. One coupon required for wool.

Materials required: (Warning.—Use the wool specified, otherwise success of garment cannot be guaranteed.) 2 skeins "Sunbeam" super 2-ply fingering wool, shade No. 1075 (white); 2 pairs needles, Nos. 10 and 12; press studs.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 12½ins.; chest, 24ins.; length of sleeve seam, 3ins.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together.

Tension: 8sts., 1in.; 10 rows, 1in.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles cast on 94 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2, for 2ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in st.-st. until work measures 7½ins. Shape armholes by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row 3 times. When armholes measure 2ins. work as follows:—

Next Row: K 37 (leave remaining 33 sts. on a spare needle).

Continue in st.-st. on last 37 sts. and when armhole measures 4½ins. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Cast off.

Join wool at neck edge, cast on 4 sts., k to end of row. Continue in st.-st., keeping the 4 cast on sts. in garter-st., and when armhole measures 4½ins. shape shoulder to correspond with other side.

FRONT

Work the same as for back until armhole shaping is complete. Continue in st.-st. until armholes measure 2½ins.

Next Row: K 30 (leave on spare needle), cast off 10 sts., k 30.

Continue on last 30 sts. and k 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 5 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 21 sts. When armhole measures 4½ins. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

SHORT SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles cast on 60 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 1½ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles, p 5, * p twice into next st., repeat from * to last 5 sts., p 5 (100 sts.). Work in st.-st. and when work measures 3ins. k 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 20 sts. Cast off.

LONG SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles cast on 50 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 2ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in st.-st., increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 70 sts. When sleeve seam measures 11ins. or required length, k 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 20 sts. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work towards you, using No. 12 needles, pick up and k about 100 sts. around neck. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 1in. Cast off loosely in ribbing.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, pleat sleeves around armholes. Work 1 row of d.c. down back opening. Sew on press studs. Embroider front of jumper.

QUALITY HAS NOT BEEN RATIONED!

ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE NAME MORLEY ON UNDERWEAR

Cossack coat and skirt

Continued from page 23

Next Row: K to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Next Row: P.

Next Row: K 6, wrn. twice, k 2 tog., k 24, wrn. twice, k 2 tog., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Work 2 rows st.-st., knitting 2 tog. at armhole edge of the 2nd row.

Next Row: P to last st., p twice into last st. (centre front edge).

Work 11 rows st.-st., increasing 1 st. at centre front edge on the 6th row.

Next Row: P to last 39 sts., p 2 tog., wrn. twice, p 30, p 2 tog., wrn. twice, p 4, p twice into last st.

Work 2 rows st.-st.

Next Row: K 18 (leave on spare needle), cast off 10 sts., k 26.

Continue on last 26 sts. and k 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 18 sts. When armhole measures 4½ins., shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Join wool at neck edge and k 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 10 sts. Continue in st.-st. for 8 rows. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles cast on 43 sts. Work in st.-st. for 2ins. Increase 1 st. each end of every 6th row until increased to 57 sts.

Continue to increase 1 st. at centre front edge only every 6th row, and when work measures 8½ins. cast off 3 sts. at armhole edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row 3 times. Continue to increase at centre front every 6th row until increased to 54 sts. Work 2 rows st.-st.

Next Row: K 26 (leave on spare needle), cast off 10 sts., work 18 sts. Continue on last 18 sts. and k 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 10 sts. Work 8 rows. Cast off. Join wool at neck edge and k 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 18 sts. When armhole measures 4½ins., shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles cast on 40 sts. Work in st.-st. for 3ins., then increase 1 st. each end of every 6th row until increased to 62 sts. When sleeve seam measures 12ins., k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 20 sts. Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 10 needles cast on 66 sts. K into back of sts. P 1 row, purling twice into every 6th st. (77 sts.). Work in st.-st. for 1½ins. K 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row 3 times, then every row 3 times. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, pleat sleeves around armholes. Make 1in. hem along lower edge of coat and sleeves and 1in. hem down each centre front and around collar. Sew buttons on left front and press studs at neck edge. Stitch collar to back of neck and fasten to fronts with press studs.

280

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3 COUPONS

Nine recipes for "Bonny" are featured in Patons Specialty Knitting Book No. 160, from which the illustration is taken. This book has been compiled with great thought for your coupons, so that you will have to surrender as few as possible. You can obtain it for 7d.—posted 8½d.

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She shall have RAYON wherever she goes

MANY of us go to bed in it. Most of us put it on every morning of our wartime lives. Nighties and undies of rayon; rayon blouses, frocks and slacks are part of the wardrobe of the smart woman of 1943. Rayons with all the glamour and delicate charm we once associated only with pure silk.

Now the important thing about rayon is that, if you want it to stay lovely to the end of its days, it needs washing as for silk.

YOU'LL notice that rayon does not become so ingrained with dirt as other materials do; the soiling is just on the surface.

Can you boil a rayon slip? How hot should your iron be? Questions of interest about rayon are answered here by

Mrs. MARY HOLIDAY.

"That should make washing easy," you'll say. True! But when fine fabrics, such as rayon, are put into water, the silken threads are less able to stand rough handling. That's why you must never boil a rayon garment unless it is specified as "boilable." Use lukewarm water—and Persil, so that the fairy-like threads will get the care they need. Another thing about Persil. With its busy oxygen-charged suds, there's never any need to rub hard—very important when handling rayon. When you've finished, squeeze your garment or roll it in a towel—never twist or wring.

IRON rayon on the wrong side (satin rayon is the one exception if a very shiny finish is desired). Use a moderate iron—too great heat will glaze the material.

Most rayons should be ironed while only slightly damp. Flat crepes are the exception here—they should be dry, but unaired, otherwise they'll have an oily, patchy look.

One last tip. When ironing "sheers" (that is, rayon georgettes) be sure they don't get too dry as this material contracts when wet, but can be eased back to shape as you iron. And you can't do that if the fabric is bone dry.

* * *

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P.11.X5

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For baby:

Loveliest of all three-piece sets

THIS WOOLLY CAMEL will be full of charm for little ones. Directions for making on this page.

- Comprising carrying jacket, dear little bonnet and cosy bootettes . . . And here's the mildest of woolly camels for tiny tots to play with.
- The three-piece set takes but four ounces of wool, which means the surrender of two coupons.
- Jacket, bonnet, and bootettes illustrated were decorated with tiny wool flowers in pink and blue wool, but the embroidery is optional.

THIS SET is called Roberta after baby Johnson, who is wearing it in the picture. It has been designed for infants up to 9 or 12 months, depending upon the size of the baby. Sleeves can be puffed to elbow or drawn down to wrist, as you please.

HERE are given complete instructions for making the carrying jacket, bonnet, and bootettes.

The pattern resembles a series of shells strung together, and is very effective.

You'll be able to make the set quite easily.

Materials Required: 4oz. 3-ply wool; 1yd. ribbon, 1in. wide, for bonnet, and 4yds. narrow; 2 knitting needles, No. 10, 2 No. 11; small quantity pink, blue, and green embroidery silk for roses.

Measurements: Length of coat from shoulder, 14½ins.; width at underarm, 22ins.; length of sleeve, 6ins.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; tog., together; s, slip; m 2, make 2 (by putting wool over needle twice); sts., stitches; w.f., wool forward.

Always knit into back of all cast on sts.

THE COAT

Cast on 280 sts. with No. 10 needles and knit two rows; then commence the pattern as follows:

Row 1: K 8,* m 2, k 2 tog., k 13, k 2 tog., m 2, k 2. Repeat from * to last 6 sts., k 6.

(Where the m 2 occurs always work 2 sts., except in row 9.)

Row 2: K 8, * p 1, k 17, p 1, k 2. Repeat from * to last 6 sts., k 6.

Row 3: Knit.

Row 4: K 8, * p 2, k 15, p 2, k 2. Repeat from * to last 6 sts., k 6.

Row 5: K 8, * (m 2, k 2 tog.) twice, k 11, (k 2 tog., m 2) twice, k 2. Repeat from * to last 6 sts., k 6.

Row 6: K 8, * p 1, k 1, p 2, k 15, p 2, k 1, p 1, k 2. Repeat from * to last 6 sts., k 6.

Row 7: Knit.

Row 8: K 8, * p 5, (m 2, k 1) 14 times, p 4, k 2. Repeat from * to last 6 sts., k 6.

Row 9: K 8, * (m 2, k 2 tog.) twice, m 2, (s 1, drop the two made sts. of previous row) 14 times, s 1. Return the 15 long sts. back on to the left-hand needle and knit them all tog., (m 2, k 2 tog.) twice, m 2, k 2. Repeat from * to last 6 sts., k 6.

Row 10: Purl, but in the m 2 of previous row you p 1, k 1.

Row 11: Knit.

Row 12: Purl.

These 12 rows make the pattern. Repeat them 6 times more; then k one row, reducing to 124 sts., and purl back to end of row and make the ribbon holes thus:

Row 1: K 1, * w.f., k 2 tog. Repeat from * to last st., k 1.

Row 2: Purl.

YOKE

Row 1: K 6, k 3, p 2 to last 6 sts., k 6.

Row 2: K 6, p 2, k 2 to last 6 sts., k 6.

Repeat these two rows once.

RIGHT SIDE OF YOKE

Row 1: K 6, k 2, p 2 till 30 sts. have been worked. K 2, turn. Cast off 2.

Row 2: P 2, k 2 to last 6 sts., k.

Row 3: K 6, k 2, p 2 to end.

Work backwards and forwards on these 30 sts. as rows 2 and 3 until yoke is 3½ins.

Cast off 12 sts. for neck, and k in pattern to end of row. Continue on these 18 sts. for 6 rows and cast off.

BACK OF YOKE

Join wool at underarm where the sts. were cast off.

Row 1: Cast off 2 sts., k 58 in pattern, k 2, p 2, ending k 2, turn.

Row 2: Cast off 2 sts., p 2, k 2 to end of row.

Continue on these 56 sts. until armhole is same as front. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Join wool at underarm and cast off 2 sts.

Row 1: K 2, p 2 to last 6 sts., k 6.

Row 2: K 6, p 2, k 2 to end of row.

Row 3: K 2, p 2 to last 6 sts., k 6.

Repeat these 2 rows and shape neck and shoulder to correspond with right side. Cast off.

SLEEVE

Cast on 59 sts. and k 2 rows.

Row 1: K 2, * m 2, k 2 tog., k 13, k 2 tog., m 2, k 2. Repeat from * to end of row.

Row 2: K 2, * p 1, k 17, p 1, k 2. Repeat from * to end of row.

Row 3: Knit.

Row 4: K 2, * p 2, k 15, p 2, k 2. Repeat from * to end of row.

Row 5: K 2, * (m 2, k 2 tog.) twice, k 11, (k 2 tog., m 2) twice, k 2. Repeat from * to end of row.

Row 6: K 2, * p 1, k 1, p 2, k 15, p 2, k 1, p 1, k 2. Repeat from * to end of row.

Row 7: Knit.

Row 8: K 2, * p 5 (m 2, k 1) 14 times, p 4, k 2. Repeat from * to end of row.

Row 9: K 2, * (m 2, k 2 tog.) twice, m 2, (s 1, drop the two made sts. of previous row) 14 times. Return the 15 long sts. back on to the left-hand needle and knit them all tog., (m 2, k 2 tog.) twice, m 2, k 2. Repeat from * to end of row.

Row 10: Purl, but in the m 2 of previous row you p 1, k 1.

Row 11: Knit.

Row 12: Purl.

Repeat these 12 rows three times and cast off loosely.

Make other sleeve exactly the same.

TO MAKE UP

Press very lightly with a warm iron over brown paper. Sew up shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, placing seam at under-arm. Attach collar to neck from edge to edge and sew in position. Thread ribbon through sleeves at top row of first shell. Embroider with roses and thread ribbon at neck and waist.

THE BONNET

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 90 sts. and knit two rows. Repeat the 12 pattern rows as given for coat three times and make crown as follows:

Row 1: * K 8, k 2 tog. Repeat from * to end. Knit 3 rows.

Row 5: * K 7, k 2 tog. Repeat from * to end.

Row 6 and alternate rows: Knit.

Row 7: * K 6, k 2 tog. Repeat from * to end.

Row 9: * K 5, k 2 tog. Repeat from * to end.

Row 11: * K 4, k 2 tog. Repeat from * to end.

Row 13: * K 3, k 2 tog. Repeat from * to end.

Row 15: * K 2, k 2 tog. Repeat from * to end.

Row 17: * K 1, k 2 tog. Repeat from * to end.

Thread remaining sts. on wool, draw into a small circle, and sew crown together to end of shell pattern. Press as given, thread ribbon across top of bonnet at end of first shell pattern, and finish with a small bow on top. Attach side ribbons and embroider with roses.

THE BOOTETTES

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 40 sts. and knit two rows; then repeat the 12 pattern rows as given for sleeve once.

Row 11: Purl.

Row 12: Knit.

Repeat these two rows eight times more, and make the ribbon holes as follows:

Row 1: K 1, * w.f., k 2 tog. Repeat from * to last st., k 1.

Row 2: Knit the st. and purl the loops to end of row.

INSTEP

K 26, * k 12, turn, p 12, turn. Repeat from * for 18 rows. Break off wool. With right-hand needle, pick up and knit 9 sts. down side of instep and six across toe; take another needle and knit remaining 6 sts. across toe; pick up and knit 9 sts. along other side of instep and remaining 14 sts. from other needle. Knit 12 rows; then k 2 tog. at both ends of both needles for six rows. Cast off. Sew up seams, embroider a rose on toe, thread ribbon at ankle and turn over the shell top.

The Camel

MATERIALS Required: 1oz. of 3-ply wool in beige and a small quantity of brown; 1 pair of No. 12 knitting needles; 1yd. of filling, and 2 boot buttons.

Abbreviations: K knit, g.-st., garter-stitch (every row k), tog. together; dec. decrease or decreasing, inc. increase or increasing, beg. beginning, rep. repeat, ins. inches.

Work into back of all cast-on sts.

HALF-BODY

Cast on 10 sts., using beige and No. 12 needles.

1st Row: K.

2nd Row: Cast on 5, k to end. Rep. last row 4 times more.

7th Row: K twice into first st., k to end.

8th Row: Cast on 4, k to last st., k twice into this. Rep. last 2 rows once. Inc. 1 st. at both ends of every row until there are 63 sts.

19th Row: K to last st., k twice into this.

20th Row: K. Rep. last 2 rows until there are 67 sts. K 12 rows without shaping.

HUMP

1st Row: K 2 tog., k 50, k 2 tog., turn, and place last 13 sts. on spare needle.

2nd Row: K to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. Rep. these 2 rows 3 times more, working 2 sts. less to allow for dec.

9th Row: Cast off 2, k to end.

10th Row: Cast off 3, k to end. Rep. last 2 rows until 22 sts. remain. K 2 rows without shaping, then dec. 1 st. at beg. of next 11 rows. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

NECK

Join wool to 13 sts. on spare needle, and dec. 1 st. at outside edge on every row until 8 sts. remain, then inc. 1 st. at both ends of every 12th row until there are 14 sts.

HEAD

1st Row: Cast on 4, k to end.

2nd Row: K. Rep. these 2 rows once more.

5th Row: Cast on 3, k to end.

6th Row: K twice into first st., k to end. K 4 rows without shaping.

11th Row: K 3, k 2 tog., k 21.

12th Row: K 20, k 2 tog., k 3. Rep. these 2 rows twice more, allowing for dec., beg. 1 row with k 3, and ending next row with k 3.

17th Row: Cast off 2, k to end.

18th Row: K 2 tog., k to end.

19th Row: Cast off 5, k to end.

20th Row: K 2 tog., k to end.

21st Row: K.

22nd Row: K 2 tog., k to end.

23rd Row: K until 2 remain, k 2 tog. Cast off remaining sts. Work other half of body in same way.

BACK LEGS

Cast on 4 sts., using beige and work in g.-st., inc. 1 st. at both ends of every alternate row until there are 24 sts., then dec. 1 st. at both ends of every alternate row until 16 sts. remain, * then at both ends of every 6th row until 12 sts. remain. K 28 rows without dec. Change to brown.

1st Row: K.

2nd Row: K 3, k twice into next 6 sts., k 3, k 9 rows without inc.

Next Row: K 2 tog. to end. Cast off.

FRONT LEGS

Cast on 4 sts., using beige, and work in g.-st., inc. 1 st. at both ends of every row until there are 24 sts., then continue as for back from *.

EARS

Using beige double, cast on 6 sts. and work 6 rows in g.-st.

Next Row: K 2 tog. to end. Cast off.

TAIL

Take 7 strands of beige, twist very lightly, fold over to form a cord 4½ ins. long and knot ends firmly.

MAKING UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up head, neck, and body, leaving an opening underneath for filling. Sew up seams of legs, leaving tops open. Stuff head, neck, and body, then sew up opening. Stuff legs firmly and sew to sides of body. Sew on ears and sew on tail. Sew on boot buttons for eyes. Mark nose and mouth with brown wool.

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SUNSHINE JUMPER

● Featuring novel yoke, puff sleeves, designed for smart young girls 8 to 10 years of age. Not difficult to knit.

ON our cover you see another little girl wearing this gay jumper with a cream skirt, white shoes and socks.

She looks very sweet—so will your little girl if you make it for her.

Here are the directions:

Materials Required (Warning—Use the wool specified, otherwise success of garment cannot be guaranteed): 5 skeins (short sleeves), 6 skeins (long sleeves), "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof or "Sunbeam" super 3-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2195 (maize); 2 pairs needles, Nos. 12 and 8; 3 small buttons; 1 crochet hook.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 16½ins. Chest, 28ins. Length of sleeve seam, 5ins.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; wrn., wool round needle; d.c., double crochet.

Tension: 7 sts., 1in; 8 rows, 1in.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 102 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 8 needles.

1st Row (right side): P.

2nd Row: K 1, * (k 1, p 1, k 1) into next st., p 3 tog. Repeat from * to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: P.

4th Row: K 1, * p 3 tog. (k 1, p 1, k 1) into next st. Repeat from * to last st., k 1. Repeat last 4 rows, and when work measures 10ins., shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. When armholes measure 1in., work as follows: Work 29 sts. in pattern, moss.-st. 20, work 29 sts. in pattern. Repeat last row for 1½ins.

Next Row: Work 37 sts. in moss-st. (leave on spare needle), work 41 in moss-st. Continue to work last 41 sts. in moss-st., making buttonholes as follows: first one being ½in. above opening, and 2 more 1in. apart.

Buttonholes: Work 3 sts., wrn. twice, k 2 tog., work to end of row. When armhole measures 6ins., shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times. Cast off. Join wool at centre back, cast on 4 sts., work to end of row. Continue in moss-st., and when armhole measures 6ins., shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times. Cast off.

FRONT

Work the same as for back until armholes measure 2½ins. Work across all sts. in moss-st. until armholes measure 4½ins.

Next Row: Moss-st. 24 (leave on spare needle), cast off 30 sts., moss-st. 24.

Continue in moss-st. on last 24 sts. for 1½ins., then shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

SHORT SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles cast on 72 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 8 needles, * k twice into next st., k 2, repeat from * to last 3 sts., k twice into next st., k 1, k twice into last st. (97 sts.). Work in moss-st. for 2½ins., then k 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 25 sts. Cast off.

LONG SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles cast on 52 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 8 needles, increase 1 st. Work in moss-st., increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 77 sts. When sleeve seam measures 15ins. or required length, k 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 21 sts. Cast off.

SHOULDER-PADS

Using No. 8 needles cast on 20 sts. Work 24 rows st.-st. Cast off. Fold in half, pad with cotton-wool, and sew up edges.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, pleat sleeves around armholes, sew in shoulder-pads. Work 1 row of d.c. down back opening and around neck. Sew on buttons.

ALL YOUNG GIRLS like prettily-designed woollies. They don't like to wear a shapeless garment—and why should they? This adorable jumper, to wear with a skirt, to peep from beneath a plain topcoat, takes 2½ coupons (short sleeves) and 3 coupons (long sleeves).

Knit this beautiful shawl for baby

THE PROUDEST of young mothers will love to display this shawl. It is most distinctive; capacious, too, for it measures 46 x 46 inches. It is not a loose-knit, so there isn't any fear of tiny, clutching fingers spoiling the weave. You are strongly advised to use either of the wools specified, otherwise success of shawl cannot be guaranteed.

THIS is the kind of shawl that will completely envelop baby, keep your cherub cosy in the sharpest weather.

Purchase of wool will take six coupons, but well worth it.

Here are the directions:

Materials Required: 12 balls "Sun-Glo" or Shrinkproof Sunbeam baby wool (white); 1 pr. No. 9 needles.

Measurements: 46ins. square.

Tension: 7 sts., 1in.; 7 rows, 1in.

Using No. 9 needles cast on 315 sts. P into back of sts.

1st Row: K 2, * m 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., m 1, k 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: P.

3rd Row: K 3, * m 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m 1, k 3, rep. from * to end.

4th Row: P.

Repeat last 4 rows 3 times. (4 patterns.)

**Rep. 1st 4 rows. Rep. 1st, 2nd and 3rd rows.

8th Row: P 8, * p 34, p 2 tog., rep. from * to last 19 sts., p 19.

9th Row: K 2, (m 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., m 1, k 1) twice, m 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., m 1, * k 24, m 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., m 1, k 1, m 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., m 1, rep. from * to last 8 sts., k 1, m 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., m 1, k 2.

10th Row: P 19, * k 24, p 11, rep. from * to last 8 sts., p 8.

11th Row: K 3, (m 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m 1, k 3) twice, m 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m 1, k 1, * k 25, m 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m 1, k 3, m 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m 1, k 1, rep. from * to last 8 sts., k 2, m 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m 1, k 3.

Please turn to page 31

Susanne Jumper Continued from page 21

2nd Row: P 1, * k 1, m 1, k 1, p 1, repeat from * to end.

3rd Row: K 1, * p 3, k 1; repeat from * to end.

4th Row: P 1, * k 3, then sl. the first of these sts. over the other 2 sts., p 1; repeat from * to end.

Repeat last 4 rows for 2½ins., then cast off 6 sts. at beginning of the next row. K 2 tog. at shaped edge of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 2 sts. Cast off.

Lap the right yoke over the left yoke and sew into front of jumper. Use the holes in the pattern to form buttonholes and sew buttons on left side of yoke.

SHORT SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles and bl. wool, cast on 50 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 1½ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles, p 1, * p twice into next st., p 1; repeat from * to last st., p 1 (74 sts.). Work in st.-st. for 2ins., then k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 20 sts. Cast off.

CUFFS

Using No. 10 needles and bl. wool, cast on 50 sts. Work in st.-st. for 1in. Cast off.

LONG SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles and bl. wool cast on 42 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in st.-st., increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 60 sts.

When sleeve seam measures 10ins. or required length, k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 14 sts. Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 10 needles and bl. wool, cast on 62 sts. K into back of sts. P 1 row, purling twice into every 4th st. (77 sts.). Work in st.-st., increasing 1 st. each end of every 4th row 3 times. Work 2 rows, then k 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 69 sts. Cast off loosely.

FRILLING

Using No. 12 needles and w. wool cast on 7 sts.

1st Row: K.

2nd Row: K 2, p 5.

3rd Row: K 5, turn, p 5.

4th Row: K 6, turn, k 1, p 5.

5th Row: P 5, k 2.

6th Row: K.

7th Row: P 5, turn, k 5.

8th Row: P 5, k 1, turn, k 6.

Repeat last 8 rows until long enough to go round collar. Make 2 more pieces for cuffs.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, pleat sleeves around armholes. Sew frilling around collar and cuffs. Sew on collar and cuffs.

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or
WAR LOAN BONDS.

Wild Island

Continued from page 8

HE would be free of me; he could marry again; he would have his beloved ranch; he would find happiness. And I—I was with Lane now. We would be together when we died. Suddenly I was not afraid.

I even began to enjoy our ring-side seat from aloft.

We sailed over the ranch house, still climbing, and went up the mountain in lazy spirals. I began to feel the heat coming upon us like a thick blanket and leaned against the side of the plane and looked down. The river of molten lava was almost directly under us and the engine was fitfully coughing from the heat and the fumes.

Lane eased back the throttle a fraction and started down.

I closed my eyes and held tightly to the sack of dynamite. This would be it. We were on our way down. I could tell almost every foot of lost altitude by the steadily increasing wave of intense heat. In a moment it would be all over. And I did not dare look back at Lane, the one thing I wanted to do with all my heart.

The plane rocked in a sudden heat gust and the throttle was eased back another fraction. The engine was coughing badly now and I was choking with it. The roaring below us was ear-splitting, and I shook my head, as if that would stop it.

Suddenly, unexpectedly, the throttle was closed. I knew it, not by the lack of sound, but by the dying away of vibration. I opened the sack of dynamite, fumbled about for the fuse, and lit it with a cigarette-lighter in the bottom of the sack. Then I lifted it over the side, with the wind trying to tear it out of my fingers, and held on. It was then that I looked down.

We were driving down towards the lava at a steep angle and in a wide spiral. It took me some time to locate the outcropping of rock. The heat hurt my eyes and everything was blurred in a sea of dull red below me. But I found it, finally, and could see how dynamite would change the flow. There was a steep slope on the other side of that rock, and with it out of the way, the river of lava would head down that slope.

It could be done.

We dropped lower, swung away from the lava stream, came down lower still, and then headed straight for the rock, losing altitude every foot of the way.

The heat was almost unbearable. And once we passed that rock we would be squarely over the river of lava, with nothing separating us from the flames licking in the air. Already there were blisters forming on the silver wing, and the metal nose cowling was gradually, but undoubtedly, losing its shape.

I could not look any longer. My face felt as if all the skin had been burnt from it and my eyes were seared so badly that everything began to turn red. I waited, and as I waited I could feel myself going, sinking in the heat, losing consciousness. I fought it off, but knew it would not be for long. Lane's signal came exactly at the right moment.

The throttle was jammed open. I gathered every ounce of my strength, leaned out of the cockpit, and dropped the sack. We were just coming over the outcropping of rock, and I saw the sack hit and bounce.

Then I looked back. Lane's face was red and black, and the skin was burnt from his cheeks. He had had to hold his face in the slipstream all the way down. But his eyes were staring wildly, wildly. He saw me and knew me. I attempted a smile, slumped back in the seat, and lost consciousness . . .

. . . . . .

It was cool in the room, deliciously cool, with all the shades drawn and even the shutters closed on the outside of the windows. I did not think. I lay there in bed and floated—floated in space. There was no feeling.

From the depths of the house I could hear the raucous blare of a radio and an excited voice, the metallic voice of radio, saying something over and over again about bombing, planes, battleships, and the Japanese. I was too tired to listen closely to the words.

A sound at the door caused me to turn my head, and there was Lane looking in at me. He was wearing some sort of uniform I had not seen before, there was a smeary grease all over his burnt face, and his left hand was heavily bandaged. He blinked at me for a moment, and then he grinned and turned about.

"Hey," he called; "She's awake."

There was running in the hallway, and then they all burst into the room—Bob, and Margot, and Mary, and even Cal Emery, who looked as if he had not slept for a week. They all ran to the bed, and Mary was laughing and crying at the same time and her fat jowls were absolutely rippling.

The others gathered about the bed with Lane grinning down at me and Bob, who was on the floor on his knees, with one arm thrown across my waist. Everyone seemed so overcome that there was nothing I could say, and I just lay there blinking at them.

Bob was stroking my arm and smiling so widely that he could not have said anything if he had wanted to.

Lane asked, "How do you feel?"

I LICKED my dry lips with the tip of my tongue and said, "Feel? I don't know. I'm just numb. What has happened?"

"You've been out for three days."

"No!" I tried to sit up, but could not quite make it. Bob eased me back to the pillows. "Three days," I echoed.

"That's right. You got a pretty bad bump on the head."

"Where—where did we land?"

"Back here at the ranch. The floats were almost burnt away, and I couldn't risk the water. Anyway, the engine wouldn't have made it that far."

Margot leaned over and said, "It 'most scared me to death. You two came down out of the skies so fast—and when you hit the ground—" She shuddered.

Lane said: "You can land floats on the ground as easily as wheels. Spilled us a bit, but it wasn't so bad."

That uniform was making me curious, but I nodded towards his hand and asked, "You—you got that?"

"Yeah. Smashed a little. But we turned the flow, Karen. Good heavens, you should have seen it when it hit the sea. Jets of steam seventeen thousand feet up in the air. A roar like you've never heard in your life. What a sight that was."

He paused and they all smiled, and I looked from one to the other and wondered what had happened. Definitely something had. But I did not care to hear about the lava. We had got away, somehow, and that was that. What mattered now was the something behind their smiles.

I looked at Bob and asked him, "Why are you grinning like a Cheshire cat?"

"Well, why shouldn't I?" he laughed. "I'm the happiest man in the world."

"Oh—you are?"

"Naturally. Hon'," he said, stroking my arm again and looking down at the covers, "I should beat you for playing that trick on me, but in your condition—I understand everything now, darling. I know women really aren't responsible when they're in that condition, are they?"

I said, "Now, just a minute. Everyone seems to be in on a deep, dark secret that I know nothing about."

Lane laughed, "Get her."

Please turn to page 29

Animal Antics

"Yes, I'm bringing a friend home for dinner."

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Wild Island

Continued from page 28

"ALL right, get me. But what is it? What are you—?" I squinted at Bob, and a suspicion began to blossom in my mind. "Where," I asked, "is your father? Bring him in here a minute."

They uneasily looked away and their smiles faded. It was not difficult to read their faces. "No," I gasped. "He couldn't—"

Bob nodded and said, "He passed away yesterday. Too much excitement, with everything blowing at once. Karen, if I had only understood him a little better." He looked at me hopelessly and said, "He was the man he was and that's all there was to it. I never had sense enough to realise. Until he was gone—"

I thought of John O'Neill and whispered, "It's better. He wanted to go. It was agony for him, sitting in that wheel-chair."

"I know. I don't feel sorry that he's gone." Then his face cleared and he said, "His last words were about you."

"Oh. I'm glad. I did love him, Bob."

"Sure, you did, and he knew it. He said, 'Tell Karen to take care of my grandchildren.' That was the first we knew about it."

I managed to sit up, then, and stared at him. "He said what?"

"To take care of his grandchildren. Oh, he said you didn't want me to know, but still—"

I looked wildly about me, with the whole room sinking and melting away, and the others mistakenly read my expression and tiptoed out.

Cal shoved Mary out the door, blew me a kiss and disappeared into the hallway. Margot leaned over and kissed my cheek, and I knew then that we two would never quarrel again. Lane patted my hand, and there was a grim, faraway look in his eyes as he said, "See you later. I have work to do, and you and Bob want to talk."

He went out the door with Margot, hand in hand, and I stared after his broad back and wanted to cry out and scream that I was trapped.

It was all a lie, a horrible lie. John had no right to make such a statement, to deliberately place me in the false light of approaching motherhood. I could understand how, if it had been true, it would alter the whole situation at the ranch, and that was why John had said such a thing. But for him to tell such a lie made me absolutely boil with rage.

But the emotion exhausted me, and I looked at Bob as he sat on the edge of the bed and continued to stroke my hand. I frenziedly pulled it away from him. And then I looked into his eyes and slowly put my hand back again.

"Bob," I whispered, "carry me to the window, please."

"Do you think you'd better?"

"Please."

He pulled back the covers, slid his arms under me, and lifted me as if I had been a child. He walked out of my room and across the hall to his own, where the windows were open. There he paused, holding me tightly against him. It was good to feel the clean breeze and look over the quiet ranch.

Our "pet" was still smoking, and in the distance I could see white plumes over the sea, but otherwise the scene was normal. That was all I wanted, the normal scene. Passion at white heat had been too much for me, too violent. It was good to be over it. And I knew I was over it. An emotional overdose, I suppose, acts somewhat like an overdose of medicine; it counteracts itself.

"Clean and quick," I murmured. "That's the only way to do it."

Bob's mind seemed to be elsewhere, but he asked, "What are you talking about?"

"Just rambling," I said. "Something I'm cutting off from now on. I can do it."

He smiled and kissed my neck. "I should say you are rambling."

His eyes were turned in the direction of Honolulu, and there was a peculiar glint in their depths, but there was also an expression of absolute well-being, and that was ample reward for the exchange I was making.

I looked at him and thought, each person's life is too complex, too intimately interwoven with the lives of others, to sacrifice everything and everyone in the consuming fires of an uncontrolled passion. Like making a million dollars—it is nice to enjoy that blissful financial condition, but is it worth achieving, and can it then be enjoyed, if one must injure others to attain it?

I looked over at the colts in one of the corrals, kicking up their heels and sniffing at the heavily-scented air, the perfume of flowers mingling with that of the sea. A sudden feeling of warmth passed through me like a tide.

Silently I said to myself, phrasing it carefully so that it would stay in my mind forever, "All right John: that is the way it will be. You upset my plans as you said you would. But it doesn't pay to run, ever, even into a volcano. Now I've chosen my course and I will fight for it. And there will be pleasure in that fight, and affection and all the worthwhile things that could so easily have been forgotten."

I ran my fingers through Bob's hair and said "Don't you think this room of yours would make a nice nursery?"

He nodded, so happily and so full of that same tide of warmth that I could have cried. His arms tightened about me.

I LOOKED around the room and started planning what the nursery would be like. John's lie would have to be rectified and made true.

But as I was planning it a metallic gleam caught my eye from one of the pastures, and I glanced towards it. A squat plane was at one end of the pasture, its engines idly turning over, the pilot standing beside it. Three people were walking towards the plane—Margot, Cal, and Lane. They paused at its side, and the three were close together for a moment, then there was only Margot.

The two men disappeared inside. The pilot too.

When the engines roared into life, Bob looked up, and his lips and eyes were thin slits of resolute purpose. He mumbled: "Give it to 'em, Lane."

The plane took off, roared over the house, and dipped its wings in salute, then disappeared in the direction of Honolulu. I suddenly remembered Lane's uniform, and my hand went to my throat. "Bob," I asked, "has it—has it happened?"

He nodded. "Yesterday. Sunday morning. You know what Sunday mornings are like in the islands, Karen; quiet, peaceful——"

His voice choked for a second and then took on a new note, a note of tremendous and unrelenting rage: "They bombed Pearl Harbor. Japs came over in waves. They caught our men in their barracks, or on leave, or getting ready for Church services, or just taking it easy, as we all do on Sundays."

"Good heavens! Was it—bad?"

"Pretty bad. I don't think any of us will ever forget it—or forgive it. Karen," he said, "if I suddenly slapped your face, now, you would have no way of expecting such a thing, would you? That's the way it was done. But, thank heaven, it was only a slap, the suicidal slap of a pigmy against a slumbering giant. It won't be repeated."

My mind was confused, jumbled, a hodge-podge of new and conflicting thoughts, but there was one thing clear, and that was that a weight had suddenly lifted from my shoulders.

I thought of Lane in his uniform and on his way to help. I knew what Lane was like. I noticed Bob's luggage packed in a corner. He was probably going soon—and I knew what sort of man Bob was. And Cal. And Jimmy Scott. And Tom Woodrum. I knew what they were like.

I almost felt sorry for the Japs. Almost.

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The Australian Women's Weekly

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WEEK-END HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

AT left is pictured some interesting and attractive dishes, including a savory jellied veal loaf, stuffed eggs in tomato cases, rhubarb and passionfruit pies, and two luscious salads. Pies and loaf can be made on Friday; salads on Saturday morning.

Many other suggestions are given below. Follow them and enjoy a real holiday from the kitchen this and other week-ends.

Good news for the home cook!

Time off week-ends

● Ever wish you were the kind of worker with a free Saturday afternoon and Sunday instead of being a busy housewife with a very hungry family to cook for? ● Why not prepare some dishes in advance and enjoy a holiday week-end yourself?

By OUR COOKERY EXPERT

WITH appetites sharpened by outdoor activities in the fresh air and sunlight, the larder needs to be well stocked with dishes that can be prepared in advance, and don't spoil by keeping or reheating.

Jellied veal loaf or Norfolk pork roll are ideal suggestions for the warmer days, and Danish goulash or savory rabbit when the weather is cooler.

Rhubarb and passionfruit pies will be favorites on any menus, while such sweets as butterscotch pudding or banana and coffee meringue are improved if well chilled before serving. This means they can be made the day before.

STUFFED EGGS IN TOMATO CASES

Three hard-boiled eggs, 2oz. cream cheese, pepper and salt, 6 small red tomatoes, few drops of Worcestershire sauce, mustard and cress or lettuce.

Cut the eggs in halves and remove the yolks. Put them into a basin with the cream cheese, sauce, and seasonings. Pound well together. Wash and dry on a dish. Scoop out centres from tomatoes. Combine pulp with egg mixture. Pipe mixture into each half white of egg, filling well. Place filled cases in scooped-out tomatoes. Decorate tops with tiny pieces of parsley and place on beds of lettuce. Chill well before serving.

MARSHMALLOW MINCEMEAT APPLES

Six firm cooking apples, 1 cup prepared sweet mince, butter, brown sugar, cinnamon, 6 marshmallows.

Peel and core the apples and place in buttered baking dish. Have the large core cavity filled with a generous amount of prepared sweet mince. Dot with butter and sprinkle with sugar (the amount of sugar will depend upon the tartness of the apples). Add 3 or 4 tablespoons of water and a sprinkling of cinnamon.

Bake in a moderately hot oven (325 deg. F.) until the apples are tender, but not broken. Just before removing from the oven, press a marshmallow into the top of each, and allow to brown lightly. Serve warm or chilled.

SAVORY RABBIT

(With wholemeal forcemeat)

One rabbit, seasoned wholemeal flour, ½ pint milk, 1 white onion.

Forcemeat: 4oz. wholemeal breadcrumbs, 2oz. butter, 1 teaspoon finely-chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon finely-chopped dried herbs, 1 beaten egg or tomato sauce.

Soak the rabbit in warm water for half-hour. Dry well. Cut into meat joints and cover with seasoned wholemeal flour. Place in a casserole with slices of white onion. Cover with milk, place the lid on, and cook gently in a moderately hot oven (350 deg. F.) for 1½ hours, or until the rabbit is tender. Pour off the remaining milk and cover with forcemeat made by combining the ingredients well together. Bake for 1 hour longer.

RHUBARB AND PASSIONFRUIT PIES

One bunch rhubarb, ½ doz. passionfruit, 1 cup sugar, little water, orange or lemon juice.

Pastry: 4oz. butter or margarine, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon water or milk, 6oz. plain flour, 1 tablespoon cornflour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, pinch of salt.

Wash the rhubarb and remove the coarse, stringy sides. Cut into one-inch lengths, and place in a saucepan with the water and sugar. Simmer until tender. Allow to cool and add the passionfruit.

Cream together the butter and sugar, add the egg-yolk and water, and stir in the sifted flour, cornflour, baking powder, and salt. Turn on to a floured board, and knead slightly. Roll thinly and stamp out with a floured cutter, to fit deep patty tins. Place a spoonful of fruit in each and top with pastry. Glaze with egg. Bake in the upper half of a moderately hot oven (375 deg. F.) from 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot or cold with cream or custard.

DANISH GOULASH

Two pounds round steak, ½ cup butter, 1-8th teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 small onions, 2 cups boiling water, 1 dessertspoon brown sugar, 4 bay leaves, 8 medium potatoes, 2 tablespoons flour, cold water to blend.

Cut the steak into ½-inch cubes. Melt the butter, add the pepper and salt, and brown the steak cubes on all sides. This should take about 10 minutes. Peel the onions, and shave thinly into almost transparent layers. The cutting of the onions is important, as when the dish is finished there should be no trace of onion except the flavor.

Add to the meat and stir over a low heat for 5 minutes. Add the boiling water, sugar, and bay leaves. Top with whole potatoes, cover tightly and cook 1½ hours. Remove the potatoes and mash them in the usual way. Remove the bay leaves and thicken the gravy with blended flour. Cook until smooth and thick. Serve with mashed potatoes.

BUTTERSCOTCH NUT PUDDING

One and half cups brown sugar, 3 dessertspoons butter, 1½ cups scalded milk, 3 egg-yolks, ½ cup cold milk, 3 dessertspoons flour, pinch of salt, ½ cup chopped nuts.

Dissolve the brown sugar and butter in the scalded milk. Combine slightly the beaten egg-yolks with cold milk and add the blended flour and salt. Add to the brown sugar and milk. Stir in the nuts. Pour into a buttered mould, cover and steam gently about 45 minutes. Serve cold with whipped cream.

NORFOLK PORK ROLL

Two and a half pounds pickled pork, 3oz. finely chopped ham, 1 teaspoon chopped onions, 1 beaten egg, sprigs of parsley and watercress, 2oz. chopped cooked veal, 3oz. breadcrumbs, slices of hard-boiled egg or tomato, 2 teaspoons chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste, lightly browned breadcrumbs.

Remove any bones from the pork. Wash meat in tepid water. Wipe dry. Mix the breadcrumbs in a basin with the ham, veal, onion, parsley, and pepper and salt to taste. Bind with the egg. Spread the stuffing down the centre of the pork. Roll up neatly. Tie in a cloth. Place in a saucepan. Cover with boiling water. Boil for 2 hours. Remove from pan. Tighten the cloth. Leave until cold. Remove the cloth. Trim off the ends. Roll in lightly browned breadcrumbs. Arrange on a cold dish. Garnish with sprigs of parsley or watercress, and slices of hard-boiled egg or tomato.

PIQUANT LIVER CASSEROLE

One lamb's fry, ½lb. bacon rashers, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon seasoned flour, 1 tablespoon dripping, ½ teaspoon herbs, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, ½ cup pickled walnuts or diced beetroot, 1½ cups water or stock.

Soak the meat in warm water for half an hour. Dry, slice to ¼in. thick slices. Roll in seasoned flour and fry lightly in the heated dripping. Pack in the casserole in layers with the bacon, walnuts, sprinkling each layer lightly with onion and herbs. Add water, lemon juice and sauce. Cook very slowly (temp. 325 deg. F.) for 1½ hours.

LAMB CUTLETS WITH GLAZED PINEAPPLE CUBES

Six lamb cutlets, 2 cups diced pineapple, 1 tablespoon butter or bacon fat, 1 tablespoon finely chopped mint, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 tablespoon seasoned flour, egg glazing, breadcrumbs.

Cover the chops with seasoned flour, dip in egg and cover with breadcrumbs. Place a small piece of bacon on each and cook in a swiss-roll tin in the upper half of a moderately hot oven (temp. 375 deg. F.) from 25 to 30 minutes. Under the meat in the oven place the pineapple cubes in another dish—sprinkle with brown sugar, dot with butter and cook 20 minutes. Drain the cutlets on crumpled white paper and serve with candied pineapple, which has been sprinkled with chopped mint.

BANANA AND COFFEE MERINGUE

Two tablespoons apricot jam, 4 bananas, 3 sponge cakes, 1½ heaped teaspoons cornflour, ½ pint milk, 1½ tablespoons sugar, ½ pint coffee, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 egg-white.

Spread the apricot jam at the bottom of a piedish, and place the sliced bananas and halved sponge cakes on top of it. Blend the cornflour and half the sugar with a little of the cold milk, bring the remainder of the milk to the boil with the coffee. Pour on to the blended cornflour. Return to the saucepan and cook for a few minutes. Add the butter and pour over the sponge cakes and bananas. Beat the white of egg to a stiff broth add the rest of the sugar and continue beating until it will hold its shape. Pile up in teaspoonfuls on top of the pudding and bake in a slow oven for 30 minutes until lightly browned.

JELLIED VEAL LOAF

Two cups cooked minced veal, 1 cup stock, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, lettuce and tomatoes, 1 cup diced celery, salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons cold water, ½ doz. chopped gherkins.

Combine the veal, stock, gherkins, sauce, lemon juice, celery, and seasoning and cook gently for 10 minutes. Soften the gelatine and stir into the mixture. Pour into a wetted mould and chill in the refrigerator. Unmould and serve on a platter of lettuce leaves. Serve with mayonnaise.

FILLET OF MOCK SOLE

Two ounces semolina, 1 pint milk, pinch of mace, 1½oz. grated cheese, 1oz. butter, salt and pepper to taste, lemon slices and parsley to garnish, egg and crumbs. Hollandaise sauce.

Heat the milk in a saucepan. Sprinkle in the semolina. Bring to the boil. Stir over slow heat for quarter-hour. Add the butter, cheese, mace, and salt and pepper to taste. Turn out on to a plate to cool. When quite cold, divide into four equal portions. Shape into "fillets of fish." Egg and crumb. Fry in deep, smoking, hot fat until crisp and golden. Serve side by side in a hot dish. Garnish with parsley and lemon slices. Serve with Hollandaise sauce.

NOTE: For a rich sauce, add to your standard recipe for Hollandaise sauce, 2 tablespoons of thick cream. Stir in after the sauce begins to thicken.

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WHY NOT COPY HER? Barbara Britton, young Paramount player, pictured above, makes jam for soldiers in hospital, and on each pot she writes a message of cheer and goodwill. What a nice idea!

Good cooks win prizes

● Every week alert readers are awarded cash prizes for their best recipes. Join the successful band!

THIS week's mail brings an interesting collection of recipes from readers.

Those in country districts who have difficulty in obtaining supplies of fresh, green vegetables will be interested in Mrs. Booth's recipe for creamed sprouted wheat. The germinated wheat provides quite a good source of vitamin C when the usual supplies are short. Mrs. Booth wins first prize.

Do note Mrs. Green's recipe for velvet junket. This is sure to be a favorite with the younger members of the family.

CREAMED SPROUTED WHEAT

Spread 1 cup of wheat on a clean, wet sack, and cover with another sack. Keep damp, and in about two days the wheat will have germinated. Boil 1½ cups milk. Add washed wheat and boil gently for 20 minutes. Add 1 teaspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon salt and pepper. Thicken with 2 tablespoons flour, 1 heaped tablespoon butter mixed with ½ cup cream or milk.

Pile on hot buttered toast or serve as a vegetable.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. T. Booth, Daintree, N. Qld.

MOCK RASPBERRY JAM

Two pounds quinces, 3lb. ripe tomatoes, 5lb. sugar.

Peel and core quinces, and put through the mincer. Pour boiling water over tomatoes, and remove the skins. Put tomatoes and quinces into a pan with the sugar and boil for 2½ to 3 hours. Pot in the usual way. This jam tastes like rich raspberry jam.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Elizabeth Becke, 264 Park Rd., Centennial Park, N.S.W.

CANADIAN CROQUETTES ON PINEAPPLE RINGS

Joint and soak a young rabbit and cook till tender, then remove flesh from the bones, mince finely, season with dash of grated nutmeg, pepper, and celery salt. Bind with a well-beaten egg, and, with floured hands, form into cork-shaped, medium-sized croquettes, dip in beaten egg, adding about saltspoon of baking powder to the egg (it makes the crumbs adhere better). Core as many thick slices of pineapple as required, egg-crumb and fry.

Serve the croquettes on the pineapple rings and garnish with sprigs of parsley and grilled bacon rolls.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Bunte, 34 Howitt St., Sth. Yarra, Vic.

GRAPE JUICE

Use fruit not too ripe. Pick grapes from stem, wash, and put into a preserving-pan over heat, with very little water, stirring continually to prevent sticking. When skins are broken and juice flowing freely, put into a jelly-bag and allow to drip. Measure juice and allow 1 tablespoon sugar to each cup juice. Return to pan, bring to boiling point and sift in required quantity of sugar after removing any scum. Lift from stove, stir well, pour into previously-warmed bottles, and seal at once. The bottles must be full to overflowing, and the juice as near as possible to boiling point when sealed.

Combined with lemon juice it is an excellent flavoring for pudding sauces. One tablespoon of grape juice, lemon juice, and strong coffee added to a fruit cake mixture will produce a cake of first quality. To use as a drink, dilute slightly.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Reeder, 19 Moorookyle Ave., Oakleigh SE12, Vic.

Children will love it!

VELVET JUNKET:

MAKE a custard with 1 cup of hot milk, 1 beaten egg, 2 tablespoons sugar. Beat egg, add sugar, then the hot milk gradually. Cook in a double bowl till thick, stirring constantly.

Take three-quarter cup of lukewarm milk, add a few drops vanilla and one junket tablet dissolved in a little cold water. Then add the custard, which should be lukewarm. Blend well together, pour into custard cups, and allow to set.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Green, 211 Catherine St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.

SHAWL FOR BABY

Continued from page 27

12th Row: Rep. 10th row.

Rep. from 9th to 12th rows, inclusive, once.

17th Row: K 2, (m 1, sl. 1, k 1 p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., m 1, k 1) twice, m 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., m 1, * k 4, p 16, k 4, m 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., m 1, k 1, m 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., m 1, rep. from * to last 8 sts., k 1, m 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., m 1, k 2.

18th Row: P 19, * k 4, (p 3 tog., k 1, p 1, k 1 into next st.) 4 times, k 4, p 11, rep. from * to last 8 sts., p 8.

19th Row: K 3, (m 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m 1, k 3) twice, m 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m 1, k 1, k 4, p 16, k 5, m 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m 1, k 3, m 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m 1, k 1, rep. from * to last 8 sts., k 2, m 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m 1, k 3.

20th Row: P 19, * k 4, (k 1, p 1, k 1 into next st., p 3 tog.) 4 times, k 4, p 11, rep. from * to last 8 sts., p 8.

Rep. from 17th to 20th rows inclusive 4 times.

Rep. from 9th to 12th rows inclusive once.

Rep. 9th, 10th, and 11th rows.

44th Row: P 8, * p 11, k 23, k twice into next st., rep. from * to last 19 sts., p 19.**

Rep. from ** to ** 7 times. (18 complete patterns.)

Rep. 1st 4 rows 6 times. Cast off.

You are the one he depends on...

You, Mother, are the most important person in your child's existence. Yours is the responsibility of seeing that his diet lacks none of the vital elements necessary for robust health and sturdy growth.

Horlicks is a *complete* food in itself, containing all the elements necessary for sturdy growth and physical development. Horlicks contains up to 15% body building protein. One-half of this protein is derived from full cream milk, one of the very best "protective" foods.

Calcium . . . essential for the formation of sound teeth and strong bones . . . is present in Horlicks to the extent of 77.2 mg. per ounce. In addition, the natural milk sugar and malt sugar in Horlicks produce *extra* energy almost at once. These natural sugars pass into the bloodstream very quickly and do not tax your child's digestion.

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Tandaco – the tastiest seasoning of all

TAKES NO MAKING– JUST ADD BOILING WATER

Once upon a time making seasoning for roast meat or poultry was quite a job. It meant a good cry while you cut up the onions, tedious minutes crumbling up the bread, and probably a long search through the kitchen cupboards to find the herbs.

But now there's Tandaco Prepared Stuffing. You just pour Tandaco Seasoning right out of the packet, mix with a little boiling water and your seasoning is all ready to use . . . an extra, extra, extra flavoursome seasoning that will win "ohs" and "ahs" of approval from the whole family.

Try it with roast chicken, roast lamb or beef or baked rabbit . . . and for all your other favourite dishes which call for a quick tasty seasoning.

Use Tandaco Seasoning for these!

CRUMBED CUTLETS: There's no need to waste any time making breadcrumbs for your cutlets. Simply dip meat in beaten egg, then in Tandaco Seasoning and you'll have the tastiest cutlets that ever came out of the frying pan.

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BAKED STUFFED TOMATOES: The quickest, tastiest way to prepare baked stuffed tomatoes . . . cut off tops of tomatoes, scoop out pulp, season with pepper and salt and Tandaco Seasoning, replace in tomato cases and bake.

LOOK FOR THIS PACKET! Your grocer sells Tandaco Prepared Stuffing. Just pour it straight from the packet, mix with boiling water and you have the tastiest seasoning for roast poultry, lamb, beef or baked rabbit.

Five minutes before Dinner

Even when dinner time does sneak up on you, that doesn't mean the family will have to go without dessert to-day. Quick, open a packet of Tandaco 5-Minute Dessert, and five minutes from now the sweet course will be all ready to serve.

Tandaco 5-Minute Desserts come in three flavours . . . chocolate, almond, and lemon. Follow the simple directions on the packet . . . they're delicious hot or cold, and each packet serves four.

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